# THE ROBERT BOOTH FAMILY OF OREGON

by

Barbara Booth Davis and John Booth Peterson
June, 1948

# FOREWORD

Dear Booth Kith and Kin:

One of my earliest - and happiest - recollections centers in the Methodist parsonage in Grants Pass, Oregon, where, in the year of our Lord 1895, lived my paternal grandparents, Robert and Mary Booth.



Picture a rainy Thursday evening - prayer meeting night. My parents have dropped by the parsonage on their regular mid-week treck to the church to leave my two brothers and me in the care of Grandma; Grandfather joins them on the way to prayer meeting, which, no doubt, he is to conduct. In modern parlance, I suppose Grandma on such an occasion, would be dubbed "baby sitter". Whether she remained home from choice to care for us, or whether from necessity because of "varicose veins", I shall never know; but considering our propensity for minute questioning and for exploring the darker recesses of the house, the former conclusion seems hardly probable. The memory of those wonderful evenings at her knee, before the open fire, the Seth Thomas clock on the mantel ticking off the hour all too swiftly, has been, and always will be, a high light in my life. Pioneer stories of Indian attacks, of Grandfather riding the circuit, of the night rider on horseback coming to summon her to a sick neighbor's bedside, flowed from her lips to the sweet accompaniment of popping corn and the rhythmic creaking of her rocking chair. On rare occasions, as a special treat for good behavior, we were allowed to go into the adjoining parlor and sit in the very elegant blue and rose damask upholstered arm chairs which the church members had given them at the retent celebration of their golden wedding; or, permitted to look at the wonderful pictures in the huge family Bible brought from England -- Adam and Eve in the nude with the huge serpent leering at them from the branches of the overhanging apple tree; the dove returning to the ark at rest upon Mount Arart; Moses, with flowing beard, surveying the Promised Land from the summit of Sinai.

No wonder that as a growing child I looked adoringly upon Mary Booth as a combination of seeres and entertainer, and when upon her death at Roseburg in 1900 Grandpa Booth "gave up" the parsonage in Grants Pass and lived among his twelve children for some years, my affection was transferred to him along with my insatiable hunger for pioneer stories. Be it to my everlasting shame and sorrow that I never transferred these classics to paper and now most of them have faded completely from my memory.

However, about 20 years ago I began to collect notes on the family geneology, and in collaboration with John Peterson have prepared the following notes from interviews with descendants of Robert and Mary Booth, newspaper clippings, obituary notices, etcetera. We hand them on to you as a grateful memorial to these God fearing, law abiding ancestors. If you are fifty or over they will revive some of the sweetest memories of your life, the days and deeds of your parents. If you are less than fifty they should engender a pride in your pedigree which should challenge you to noble living and high aspiration. In today's chaotic world it will give you a feeling of security. In the record of their gentle deeds and courageous living your faith in the dignity of human kind will be restored and a belief in the overruling power of God in the lives of his children will be engendered.

Rec'd aug 15-1978

The simile of a "Family Tree" is not fanciful. To me our grandparents were as two sturdy oaks growing in the virgin forests of pioneer Oregon surrounded by twelve younger trees of surpassing strength and beauty. It recalls to mind lines from Joyce Kilmer.

"A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast"

The Booths were primarily of the soil. They loved the outdoors and delighted in the beauties of nature. Many of the men were "dirt farmers" at some period in their lives and many made their living from the products of the soil and from the forests. The Booth girls all possessed the magic "green thumb". No matter where they lived or how often they moved a flower garden was as essential as a stove or a bath tub.

"A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray"

It is notable that the lives of Robert and Mary Booth were rooted in prayer. No undertaking of theirs was ever begun without first seeking Divine favor and aid. In fact Grandfather Booth began his ministerial career as the result of his wife's praying. When they were crossing the plains in 1852, Grandfather Booth was stricken with an illness that threatened to be fatal. After administering all the medicine available and practising every healing art for which she was noted, Grandmother left his side for a moment, knelt on the ground outside their tent under the star-lit sky and implored the aid of God. Returning later, she took Grandfather's hand and told him that he could recover only upon one condition. "What is that?" asked Grandfather. "That you will dedicate your life to God and enter the ministry when we reach Oregon." she replied. For many years, as he later told me, he had resisted the "call to preach" against the dictates of his conscience, but faced with the alternative of life or death, he surrendered to what they both believed was the will of God and the rest of his career as a Circuit Rider is now part of the history of our state.

This habit of prayer was instilled into all their children. I know for a fact that my own father never undertook a business deal or a philanthropic deed without first "praying the matter through". ~~Once~~ If he felt that God's blessing and help would attend his own best efforts, he never failed to succeed in his objective. Disappointment and tragedy, it is true, came to him in almost overwhelming measure, but with the help of God he bore the burden and his personal losses were most often translated into service for others. So it was with them all.

"Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree."

Grateful am I, indeed, and humble, that such a heritage is mine. In the fulness of gratitude we share it with you other descendants. May its memory bless us all. And if, to others, it may seem the eulogy is overdone, I can only say, "It seems thus to me". Such tributes as have been paid them by the press were earned, not bought. And finally we do not want it to be said of our family that "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones."

One member of this family of twelve is still living at Newberg, Oregon, to carry on its tradition, Mrs. Bertha May Peterson. I salute her, and through her, the others who are gone. ~~As~~ She ~~so~~ beautifully wrote on her 1947 Christmas card "So many beautiful memories are associated with you through the years we have lived through together - some sad too. This is life and every year seems to pass more quickly than the one before. But the beautiful memories live on through the sad years and the happy ones. "One less at home, one more in Heaven." How wonderful life is if we have made it happier for someone else."

Wishing you all the best that life holds, I am your affectionate kinsman,

Barbara Booth Davis.

Eugene, Oregon
January 5, 1948

Barbara Davis and I have gathered together this record of the Booth family in order to secure in one place information which may be of interest and value to descendants of Rev. Robert A. Booth and Mary Minor Booth. Most of the material presented was gathered over a period of years by Barbara. She did practically all the writing and the editing. We were both interested in securing for ourselves a record of family history and tradition but as the material came in, we decided to edit it and have it mimeographed for those who cooperated in supplying it. Copies will be sent to any other members of the family on request. We would like to see the work continued but hesitate to take it upon ourselves without more help. If any are interested in helping, we would be glad to hear from them regarding the possibility of preparing a more complete story of the family.

Father and Mother Booth and their 12 children are outstanding characters. The basic philosophy of each of them seems to be the Golden Rule. The personality of everyone of them is characterized by dignity, poise, refinement, and courage. Everyone was a leader for the good against evil. They are all known as kind, loving, generous, sympathetic people. Everyone of them had and has a host of friends, in all classes and walks of life and is dearly loved. Everyone of them was successful, the boys, with the exception of George who entered the ministry, as business men and elected representatives of the people, the girls as teachers, mothers and community leaders.

Members of the family are outstanding not only because of their strong characters and natural bent for leadership, but also because of their vitality and longevity. Considering the fact that through most of the lives of many of them such medicines as penicillin and the sulpha drugs were unknown, that many of the 12 were born without the help of a doctor, and that they all lived active lives in a rough new country it is significant that 9 of the 14 have lived past 70, 3 past 80 and 1 past 90. Only two did not reach 60 and one of these died accidentally.

The crossing of the plains and the early life in Oregon was full of hazard and excitement. Incidents of these days were told to her children by Mother Booth and retold by them to their children. I have heard many of these tales again and again especially from Aunt Jennie, Aunt Seddie or my mother and never tire of the hearing. You doubtless have heard them too.

When the family lived near Ft. Yamhill drunken Indians and soldiers were a constant worry. Indians did not like to go around on the road but preferred to cut through the fields leaving gates open and fences down behind them. General Phil Sheridan was a Lieutenant at the Fort and frequently came to the Booth home for John and Will to go hunting with him. The boys had some good hunting dogs which the officers liked to use.

Father was gone for weeks at a time on the circuit and Mother managed the farm and headed the household. Because of her earnest desire for Father to enter the ministry, I imagine she did this zealously and without complaint. One day the Indians came to buy hay. Mother told them she would pitch it down to them from the loft but that they were not to come up into the loft. As she pitched down the hay the chief's son started to climb the ladder. She warned him but the rest of them jeered him on. At the top of the ladder Mother Booth "looked him right in the eye" and holding her pitch fork at his throat said in a quiet voice "If you come a step farther--I'll kill you!" The "young buck" as the Booth children called him in their story telling, backed down among the hoots and jeers of the rest. The children were frightened. They said, "Mother you should not have done that. What if he had not stopped." "I would have killed him," said Mother matter-of-factly.

Indians would slip down at night and try to get in the house. A heavy oak bar was made by Father for the door and a wooden pin held it so it could not be lifted by slipping a knife in through the door. There were places in the attic where the family could lie and watch outdoors. Many a night they watched with the gun loaded while drunken Indians built a fire in the yard and stayed until early morning. One night they attacked the home of their neighbors killing all who were home and burning the place. My mother believes this was the Payus family, but she is not sure. The Booths watched the red glow in the sky and feared the worst. Aunt Jennie said that Mr. Payus told Mother Booth he knew what had happened as soon as he saw his home in ashes. He had been away and arrived home the morning after the raid.

Some time later they were gathered in the house one evening when they heard a gun laid gently against the door and then saw the lock move as someone tried to open it. They could never hear the Indians approach, they came up so stealthily. It was Finding the door locked he said, "Let me in."

Mother answered, "What do you want?"

He said, "I am thirsty. I want some water."

Mother said, "Go to the spring and get a drink, there is a gourd hanging at the spring."

Then he said, "I am cold, I want to get warm. Let me in."

Mother told him, "Go build yourself a fire. There is plenty of wood in the wood lot."

He tried again, "I am hungry. I need something to eat."

At this Mother told him she would give him some bread and butter through the window if he would promise to leave. He promised and while one of the children guarded with the gun, Mother handed him the bread and butter and after a while he went away.

Once while Mother Booth was sitting on a bench in the house nursing the baby, the door opened quietly and several braves slipped in. One sat on each side of her and the others sat around the room. They took out their knives and started sharpening them. As they came in she whispered to Will to get Mr. Fennel and other neighbors. Will managed to slip out. The Indians would not talk to her but kept talking to themselves in Indian language, avoiding the jargon, which Mother understood, and kept sharpening their knives. She did not doubt that they had come to kill her and had at last caught her at a disadvantage, but she said she kept praying silently and watching the road which she could see through the doorway. Fortunately the Indians were quite leisurely. Before they could carry out their plans, Mr. Fennel came around the hill with his horse on a dead run. At that distance Mother could see he had his rifle across his saddle. There was a wild scramble as Indians broke for the door, jumped on their ponies and scattered. So it was that neighbor stood by neighbor.

At another time a drunken Indian came to the house expecting to find Mother Booth alone. Father had been away but had returned the night before unknown to the Indian. He came up to the front porch where Mother Booth was standing, said he had come to kill her and came up the steps bemeaning her and cursing. Father heard him, picked up a rail which had been brought in for the fireplace and stepped onto the porch.

The Indian was surprised and startled. He stepped back and said, "Oh, Heap big, Boston man!"

Father swung at him with the rail. It struck the door jam before it hit the Indian, but the force was great enough to knock him down the front steps. Standing over him Father said, "Shall I kill him?"

Mother said, "No. If you do, they will come and kill all of us."

Father let him up, warned him, and let him go.

One afternoon John and Will were in a field away from the house but near the road which came along the field, then went on up in front of the house in a big bend. The boys were winnowing grain, when a young buck, called, , came along the road on a pony. Getting off, he caught the boys and whipped them unmercifully with his horse whip. When he let them go, they ran up through the orchard to the house. When Mother saw their backs, she walked out to the front gate just in time to head off the Indian. She asked him why he had whipped her boys. He immediately became insulting, cursing and reviling her. She turned to the eldest girl, Mary, who was standing by her and said, "Mary, get me the gun!" When he saw Mary was really bringing the gun he started spurring and whipping his horse. Mother ran to a spot where she could get a shot at him through the trees as he went around the bend below the orchard. She took a bead and let go with the gun putting a ball through his hat. She claimed she meant to shoot high to scare him and said she was badly frightened to have come so close for if she had killed him, they would have killed her in revenge.

The Indians, however, believed she shot for the hat. She became famous among them as a great woman and a great shot, and she had very little trouble with them thereafter.

Shortly after that, the sheriff was out with a buggy tacking up notices of a reward for information on the murderers of the Payus family, the Booth's neighbors. People had a good idea which Indians had done it for they had seen them openly wearing the clothes of the victims. However, there was no definite proof. As the Sheriff rode along he picked up who was walking along the road.

Said the Indian, "What are you doing?"

The Sheriff answered, "I am putting up a sign which tells all about the murder of the Payus family and who did it."

The Indian was startled. He asked, "Does it tell that I helped?"

The Sheriff said, "Yes."

"Does it tell that , and helped kill them too?"

The sheriff told him it did and that it also told the names of all the rest. In this conversation a complete confession was obtained and the guilty Indians were hanged on the basis of this evidence.

Mother Booth served as a sort of unofficial doctor to the pioneer communities in which she lived. She served at many a child birth as midwife. Even in the time of the youngest children, when the country was well-settled, people from far and near sent for "Mother Booth" when they were in trouble. My mother tells that she used to hate to hear horses coming in the night for it meant that her mother would have to go out, some times for several days. She always went no matter what the time of night or the kind of night. She would saddle her horse and ride off to help wherever she could. Her main source of information for nursing was Dr. Gunn's doctor book.

There are many more stories. If you would like to send them in, we would be glad to have them, but we can not promise any more editions, at least without help. If we have told the stories wrong or if you know of different versions we would like to hear from you. We would especially like to know of any errors in the records.

We are sorry we had to rely on news paper accounts and obituaries for so many of the family. We wished we could have induced more of the children to write first hand of their parents, so that we could have had a more natural and personal account. There are many interesting anecdotes that could be told. For one thing I'm afraid this account gives us no idea of the rich sense of Western humor for which all these people are noted. They are all known as good story tellers who dearly loved a joke.

We hope you enjoy the record. We have enjoyed getting it together.

With best wishes,

John Booth Peterson. Jan. 5, 1948

Ames, Iowa

Dictated by Robert Booth
to Secretary of Walter Keyes, Salen, Oregon,
1910

Robert, the son of John S. and Sarah Booth, (Nee Scowcroft) was born at Harwood Lee, near Bolton, Lancashire, England, August 4th, 1820, and with his parents, three brothers and three sisters, on Thursday, September 9th, 1830, left Liverpool on the good ship "Salen", bound for New York, U. S. A., where, after a very tempestuous passage of forty-four days, they arrived in good health. The family went to Bronx, twelve and one-half miles from the city, for a short time when the parents with the boys and youngest daughter returned to the City, locating on Thirteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, where they remained until the following summer, moving thence to West Farms, West Chester County, where Robert obtained employment in an Ingrain Carpet Factory, filling quills and spools at one dollar per week; where he continued to work for nineteen months. The family leaving West Farms the summer of 1832 for the neighborhood of Bronx Mills, where they resided until September 1836, when in company with three other families, on the 15th day of September, they embarked on the good ship "Rockingham" for New Orleans, La. Bound, thence, for St. Louis, where part of the company went to Peoria, Ill.: father's family and another one rented a house whilst father and the man went to West Constine Territory, Head of Lower Rapids of Mississippi River, Fort Des Moines, where there were three companies of Dragoons stationed. Returning to St. Louis we embarked on the steamer "Envoy" on the 29th day of November, bound for above place, but, the ice ran so thick, breaking the wheels of the steamer. We put in at Hannibal, Mo. for the ice to run out. Instead, it froze up solid and we were compelled to remain on the boat all winter. About the last of February the boat took on some cargo and started for St. Louis. A family vacated a room and took passage on the boat, giving the two families a chance to occupy the room. It was simply weatherboarded with clap boards, no laths, or lining of any kind, but, having flue for stove, we bought one, fixing partitions with quilts and paying 10 dollars ($10.00) per month rent. The river, being clear of ice, in twenty-six (26) days we left for our original destination, where we arrived March 17th, 1837, having been so long on the journey and at so much expense, the other family was about out of funds and concluded to tarry at Hannibal; because the troops were to leave and go to Fort Leavenworth; Col. Mason gave us permission to settle at the Old Apple Orchard (½ mile south of Fort), which Black Hawk, the noted chief, informed us was planted by a frenchman forty years before. Here we made some improvement, finally leasing the same to a man who rented to another person and we finally were swindled out of the property by dishonest land sharks. My father, having died on the 9th day of September, 1838, the family were all sick for a time previous to his death, and at the time we were looking for mother to die. Finally, after much sickness, losses of stock, toil and disappointments of various kinds, our means exhausted by trusting to others' honesty, we, a broken, disheartened family, located in what was known as Black Hawk Purchase. About September 3rd, 1842, I wished to see some of the world and have a good time, left home, expecting to go to New Orleans, but, business was very dull, money scarce, a general stagnation, I remained in Missouri and Illinois, returning home late in 1843, having been gone

about fourteen months. On my return I found two of my sisters and one brother had married, leaving only one brother with mother. On the 30th day of December my youngest sister and husband, accompanied by some others, went to a quarterly meeting from our house (Which was known as a stopping place for ministers of the gospel), I went with them on Saturday, returning at night to our house. Again we went, on Sabbath. There was large attendance, good interest; power divine attended the services. On Sabbath night, after those desiring to be saved from sin had been invited to present themselves as seekers and many had gone to the mourner's bench and the invitation had been closed for some time, much to the surprise of the people who knew me, and very contrary to my previous intentions, I became satisfied, if I was to be saved I must act then and there, feeling or nonfeeling, and, with a heart seemingly cold and destitute as a Nether Mill Stone, my judgment thoroughly convinced, I made my way to the Mourner's bench, I found ere I got to the Bench, I had more feeling than I had expected. After a time the order of services was changed. The Mourners told they might suit their conveniences in seating themselves, whilst a sermon would be delivered. All did so save myself. I remained on my knees. Sermon ended, mourners came, were converted; I remained until midnight, last moments of the year 1843 gone; New Year at hand and I was enabled to realize that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus, that old things had passed away. All things were new, I was a free man filled with a peace which passeth understanding, and a joy indescribable, and arose shouting Glory. A young man, sitting in the next room where he could not see me, at first shout of glory was so thrilled, he jumped from seat involuntarily to the center of the room as he expressed it. It was like a clap of thunder to him, hence he sought and experienced the pardon of his sins; also, many others ere the meeting closed. When the exceeding joy subsided I very earnestly exhorted the crowd of young men to seek salvation. Many of my acquaintances were greatly surprised to hear of my conversion, my life so full of mirth and hilarity, manifesting seeming indifference in regard to my own salvation and having had such favorable and gracious opportunities. They began to fear I had become Gospel Hardened. Many believed I ought and would preach the Gospel. The following April, being quarterly meeting, without any act or wish on my part, I was handed an Exhorter's License and told to magnify my office. I was greatly opposed to preaching, or having any official position in the church, wishing to be, simply a devoted humble Christian. Shortly after receiving license, the pastor called upon me, desiring me to fill two appointments for him on same Sabbath. One in the country and one in town. I most strenuously objected, giving serious and to me valid reasons therefor, but, all in vain. Finally, I would agree to fill country appointment, if he would get some one to fill one in Town, but, he said he would tell the people I would be there and I would have fine congregation, which I did not want. There was not standing room inside, and the door was open and many standing in front and by the windows. I felt like a boy at school entertainment, rising up before great crowd to deliver his speech, which he had not learned. I could only see a very few feet before me when I began to speak, but very soon there were hearty amens and I soon could see one half way across the building and finally all over and around. Many were rejoicing and shedding tears of joy, some tears of contrition and I did not want to exhort or preach and I did not attend the next, which was last quarterly meeting of year, at which licenses were renewed. When my case was called, my leader said my associate said I did not wish it renewed, said I could get good congregations as any one when I could be prevailed on to give an appointment. The P. Elder said they had no authority to renew, but to say to go ahead, it would be all right. I then said they had no jurisdiction over me and I need not Exhort, Hence, for years I resisted, pleading with the Almighty to excuse me from the responsibility of preaching. My mother was a devoted Weslyan Methodist, also her brothers and sisters prominent and official class leaders, stewards, superintendents, etc.

Previous to and at the birth of my brother, born May 15th, 1817, her health was very precarious. The physicians told her if she should ever bear another child she would die. Hence my parents concluded that was their last child. After the lapse of time, a physician having a National reputation, who had treated my mother and hence was acquainted, passing through the locality where they lived, called on a friendly visit and in conversing about her case, said it might be beneficial to her health rather than a cause of her death. In view therefore of the possibility of regaining her health she promised the Lord, if her health was improved, her life spared, the issue being a boy, she would give him to him for the ministry, in which father concurred, although at that time he was not a professed Christian. When the event occurred and conditions met on the part of the giver of every good and perfect gift she renewed her vow, and dedicated her offering to God, as promised. Of course I never had the least intimation of the affair until some time after my conversion. When I was seriously exercised over the duty of preaching; very many of my former acquaintances, in various places, seemed certain I ought to and some preachers and others urged me to yield. Many reasons presented themselves to my mind preventing my yielding. I was an inexperienced babe in Christ. It would be presumption for me to undertake to tell persons who had a Christian experience of more years than I had of natural life. Again, if I could tell them something new, something they had not heard over and over again, there would be some reason to begin. If my parents had given me a good education. Again, it was a very responsible position, responsibilities under which any man might tremble. To be an ambassador for Christ, beseeching men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. Then, again, there was a very meager pecuniary support. In the event of my health failing, or my dying, loved ones might be left to the cold charities of the world. Again, if I found I was not in my proper calling as an honest man I would quit. Enemies of Christ would say I entered from a sinister motive. That would injure the church, which I loved. Thus I lived sometimes on the mountain top and then in the dale, often feeling if I could have a sign from God, that I could not doubt, then I would yield. On the 28th day of August, 1845 I was joined in Holy wedlock by Rev. Uriah Ferree to Miss Mary Miner, a devoted Christian, a true help mate. She was always in favor of my discharging all my Christian duties. Previous to and after my marriage my mother lived with us. My wife and she were tenderly and strongly attached to each other. On the 14th day of September, 1846 our home was brightened by the birth of a daughter, to which her grandma was greatly attached. It was perhaps in July, 1847, I, my wife, with babe and mother started on a visiting tour intending to leave mother at the last one, viz., My brothers; he to bring her to my home, when she should have enjoyed a visit with them, but, when we visited my second sister they insisted on her remaining longer with them and they would take her to the next sisters and they take her to my brothers and he bring her home; hence we left her, in the town of Farmington. She took sick, the doctor advised taking her to my sisters, nine miles in the country, believing the water in town did not agree with her. All that loving hands and medical skill could do failed to check the disease. Twice they sent for me and mine, some fifteen miles. After remaining some time she seemed to improve and I returned. Soon a second messenger came. For days she lingered, filled with abiding trust in God often quoting the 23rd psalm. "Yea, though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me, Thy rod and they staff, they do comfort me," (I observe the word do is not in our Bible as quoted by her) but it seemed to give emphasis to the part. Her children who were in Iowa were all at her bedside, when about 1 o'clock A. M. about the 2nd day of September, after her eye had lost its earthly vision and her tongue was palsied in death, I said, "Mother, if the way is still bright and Christ is still precious, raise your hand", at which she at once began raising both arms to their utmost length, then gently lowering them on her breast, when a ray of light from the world, wherein is no darkness, rested down upon her countenance, which remained there when placed in her casket. The Divine Seal of her fitness, for the Heaven prepared for the pure in heart, which caused me to say: "Whilst it was hard to part with so good a mother, there was a

pleasure in the mourning, knowing she had gone where sickness and parting are unknown". I bless God for such a mother. I presume I owe more to her than any earthly power for my salvation, I mean of course, all Human agencies combined.

Now in regard to some of the Divine Providences attending my life: After I had shed my first teeth and gained the second I had a front tooth on the upper jaw knocked out. I may have been between eight and nine years of age, of course, it was not expected another would come; after months one afternoon I felt a sharp corner with my tongue. I told mother. Her heart beat with gratitude to God; after my restlesness in regard to preaching she told me how she had prayed to God to bestow another tooth, thinking its loss would impair my enunciation and hurt my looks in the pulpit, still expecting I would be an ambassador for Christ. Again when eleven or twelve years of age I was in a stream. The tide was going out. The current also running swift, another one in swimming with me. I had not learned to swim but by touching bottom with one foot I could make head way. I got where it was beyond my depth and went under. Providentially a young man saw me, and shouted to my companion, that I was drowning. He caught and saved me. Again, on the 27th day of November, 1837, I broke through ice, in the forenoon, crossing a stream. Late in the afternoon and very cold I got into swift water trying to save a man that could not swim. I had on a blanket overcoat, two pairs of pantaloons, two pairs of socks. With him hold of me, so I could only use my arms and not my legs I went under three times. To my astonishment when we came to the surface he let go of me, my thoughts not on eternity, unprepared, but on the sorrow and suspense of our friends, not knowing what had betided us as none saw us go in and consequently would not know where to look for our bodies. Thus, I learned a man might die, as the beast dieth. The Almighty, not being under obligation to continually prompt him by his spirit, to prepare for his departure out of time into eternity. He has timely informed us his spirit shall not always strive with men. About dark we arrived at a Settler's cabin, our clothes frozen stiff, rattling like bones. We were told if we had missed his cabin there would have been no chance to escape freezing to death, as it was fourteen miles to the next house, all the way through prairie; not getting my clothing dry before retiring, my shirt froze on my back in bed.

I may say whilst it was my desire to live an earnest and sincere Christian in consequence of unwillingness to preach my religious enjoyment was not uniform. Sometimes on the mountain top and then in the dale I promised the Lord if he would bless my honest efforts to secure a home so that in the event of my sickness or death my wife would not be left destitute, I would by His Grace endeavor to do His Will. I accumulated property rapidly, soon would have a Home. Many were leaving for the Gold Mines in California. Hearing such glowing reports of men making fortunes I concluded to go, not for a fortune, but to secure Two Thousand Dollars, ($2000.00). That with what I already had, by using economy, would give me a sufficient support, so that I would not be dependent on the finances from the churches I might serve, I might have funds to help the needy, and worthy objects.

On the 12th morning of March, 1850, I left my home and loved ones on the long and trying journey; on the 18th day of April, we crossed the Missouri River arriving in Hangtown, Eldorado County, California, last day of July in the forenoon. The immigration was very large. Cholera, small pox, fevers, drownings, accidental and otherwise, swept off its thousands, many dying after getting to California, many on their returning home. On December I left the mines intending to visit my brother in Oregon, arriving in San Francisco, not finding any vessel ready to sail for Oregon. There being several bound for Panama I finally took passage on the barque Hebe, leaving on Friday, December 15th for Panama. Soon after dinner, we went out of Golden Gate, sea being rough, many sea sick, storm lasting four nights and three days. Two sailors, steering the vessel were lashed fast to keep from being thrown overboard; Captain giving orders through trumpet, sailors would run and catch

belaying pins and hold on until favorable chance to run again to execute orders. Passengers shut up in hold, after being out eight days; took reckoning found we were one hundred and fifty miles due west of Golden Gate. Having strong and fair wind we made one-half distance to Panama. Then wind died away; calm continuing for weeks; provisions becoming scarce; water getting low; we put into River Kealajo, Kingdom Nicaragua, 700 miles north of Panama, paying one dollar each to be taken up to the town. Next day left for Grenada. Many in Truck carts, some on mules or ponies (I was on board Hebe fifty-two days, execrable food, scent of which often caused vomiting), arriving at Grenada, took passage on small Sloop Pioneer for San Carlos. Head of San Juan River, distance 120 miles, paying eight dollars per capita, furnishing our own provisions and getting ourselves on board. We were 52 hours making the passage in the broiling sun by day, no chance to sleep and when they moved sail the boom came so near the deck had to lie flat and take hat in hand to keep from going overboard. Here were what was called soldiers, a miserable looking set of cut throats of Humanity, many having scars several inches in length on their bodies caused by knives in conflicts. Here we hired Bungoes (coarse, rough, canoes) to take us 150 miles to Greytown, kingdom of Muskotee on the Carribean sea, at that time under protection of British Soldiers, West Indian Negroes. After remaining nine days we took vessel for New Orleans, where we arrived, after passing through fearful storm in Gulf of Mexico. Here we separated, going to various states, one to England, which he left nearly seven years previously. Finally I got home the 28th day of March, between eight and nine o'clock P.M. in good health but about Four Hundred dollars minus instead of Two thousand dollars to the good. Shortly after I was licensed to preach, expecting to join conference, but the winter being exceedingly hard and my relatives leaving for Oregon I sold out, and, on the 11th day of April, 1852, left my home bound for Oregon. Trusting to reports of newspapers put in by merchants of Kanesville- that emigrants could get supplied for their trip as cheap or cheaper than the locality they were leaving and thus saving hauling through bad roads. We went where we found thousands upon thousands at their mercy, charging as much as Sixteen Dollars ($16.00) per barrel for flour, 12½¢ per pound for rice and other things in proportion. They were anxious to get across the river, going on any kind of craft by day and by night. Finally the Robert Campbell, a steamer came, discharged freight, and began ferrying on May 22nd. Myself, brother-in-law and brother paid Forty-six dollars ferriage. There was great effort made to get away from such vast crowd, sickness soon began, vast numbers dying, from cholera, smallpox and other diseases. Where we lay by a little over a day and two nights for women to wash at Wood River, not far on the journey, it was said there were forty graves made during our stay. The Indians were threatening and troublesome, especially the Pawnees; my wife and oldest boy something over four years old both took the cholera, the same evening, wife suddenly felt pain in stomach and turned blind, I saw her trying to get to the wagon where we had just stopped. She was staggering like one intoxicated, I ran to her carrying her to wagon, had bed prepared, and laid her down. Such suffering I never saw, hope never to see again. I sat by her all night alone, giving her medicine and straightening her hands and limbs after the fearful cramps. My boy in the tent alone close by had no one to see to him. I could hear him leave his couch and go to the bucket of water, brought up for the morning use. He would drink all his stomach could contain, then go to couch, soon he would begin to vomit and after sickness subsided, return and drink until he drank the bucket of water. That saved him. I could not leave my wife and no one came to our help, all afraid of cholera. About two o'clock A.M. my wife's eyes green as gall bladders and though I sat close to her and had candle burning, she could not see me. To me, it was an awful night, I realized this world was a howling wilderness, my farms and all the proceeds of my personal property were in that outfit. If she died I was too far from the Missouri River to get there before the immigration would be away and the probabilities were, I would not get through the hostile Indians, and to continue the journey with four motherless children was simply fearful to contemplate. Through divine Interposition they lived. After a while I took fever, became weak they were fearful I would die. My wife distressed greatly, at thought of leaving my body away from civilization, likely to be dug up as vast

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numbers were. My brother-in-law asked what I thought of having a doctor, we had one traveling in our train. I told him I had been thinking about the matter and my conclusion was, "Everybody he had doctored for any length of time had died. I might have constitution sufficient to overcome the disease, but I doubted if I could overcome it and the doctor's medicine, and, if I died I preferred to die a natural death, hence, I did not want him." His views and mine agreed. Although brought very low, in an answer to prayer I was spared. One night a boy died, in the A.M. he was buried; whilst they buried him, my wife went off to secret prayer. She came to the foot of my bed and looking very solemn said; "I want you to promise you will do one thing." After parlying for a time I said, "Tell me what it is and you know I'll do it, if it is reasonable." She said, "Well its reasonable whether you think so or not. I want you to promise if God will raise you up you will do your duty, and preach when you get to Oregon. If you will, he will raise you up; if you won't you'll die". I said, "Do you think so?" She said, "No". "Do you know it?" "Yes." "How do you know it?" "I've been praying over it, and this is the answer." I said, "Well if the way opens up so I know it is providential I will try and walk in it, but I won't do anything to open up the way." She said, "Ho you have always been afraid of doing anything to open up the way and when the way has opened you have failed to go in."

The trip across the Plains by team was a most trying one. Man's selfishness would manifest itself. Some would seek every advantage in order to get gain. True, some were generous and kind. Many ran short of provisions and suffered greatly. I distributed beans on Snake River to the company in which I traveled that I bought at Kanesville, on which I received 37½¢ less than I paid. I let two strangers traveling on foot have at least 15 pounds of flour for one dollar for which I paid eleven dollars per barrel, taking twelve barrels. My wife baked it into light bread and biscuit in the morning; I disposed of flour to the needy various times, hoping I would have enough to last until we reached The Dalles, but when our bacon failed, the flour melted away rapidly, so that I was entirely out at Willow Creek. I applied to a man who sent for me at midnight to talk to his wife, who was dying with cholera and for whom we dug a grave and did everything we could to assuage his grief, joining his company for his special benefit, when we knew it was to our loss, often lying by on account of his children's sickness. He let me have what was said to be 22½ pounds for 50¢ per pound which we consumed before getting to John Day River, where Shearer's bridge was finally built. I did not have the money at the time of purchase, but paid him afterwards at my brother's house near McMinnville, less 25¢ which he generously threw off. My team had dwindled away when I arrived at John Day so that I could not go farther. I left my wagon and a few things in it to be brought to the Dalles for which the man would not be responsible. After waiting several days for them I received a portion, the balance I never saw. The explanation he gave was: wagon upset on the way, had emigrant family along, and he did not know my things from theirs. The wagon cost me one hundred and five dollars in Iowa, where I could get an ordinary one for sixty-five dollars. After receiving my things I went in with the others constructing a raft on which we went to the Cascades. Here my means were all gone, save two cows and one good steer, the last of thirteen head. I sold them for eighty-seven dollars and paid for some flour I had bought on credit. Finally I arrived in Yamhill County, near McMinnville, late in November with a wife and four children in good health, fifteen dollars and forty cents in money, a farm and all my personal property gone and ninety dollars borrowed money; in debt. After a time I moved into camp, took contract to make shingles and three foot shaved boards to cover barn. Cut down small tree for shingles, sawed off some cuts, sent for team to haul to camp; whilst he was gone I began clearing away to get in, cutting a hanging limb above my head, about four inches in diameter. It was sap rotten, the ax passed through and into my left foot, hence I had to work at a disadvantage. Work I must, everything to buy, and nothing to buy with. Before it healed I tore the main leader of my leg loose from knee so

I could not control my foot; every step it would swing to the left. I was told to get Balsam fir and make plaster and put on. I cut off boot leg, made plaster, extending above and below the knee, straightening the limb and binding it firmly, thus being able to control the foot, but could not bend the knee. I may say I had completed my contract on the shingles and boards, and was making rails out of dead ash trees to pay for wheat I had bought. Wheat was three dollars per bushel. Not being able to split rails on account of stiff knee I must chop off the cuts. I did so, being careful until a tree was cut up. I started to look at another. The trees had grown in a low swailey place, where the river ran when out of its banks. It was grown up with brush. A tree had fallen across the swale, debris had lodged against it. I stepped on it with my axe on my shoulder, stepping down I found the distance was greater than anticipation; I must fall. My mind, being cool, I thought if I fell with axe on shoulder the bit might enter between my shoulder blades. I threw the axe from me ere I fell, it struck a bush and in falling stood upon the eye, the bit quartering towards me. I fell with the muscles of my left arm on it. The blood flowed, we tore back of vest lining, bound up, to staunch it. Now I had foot, knee and arm all on one side disabled. Folks said I would have to stop work, I said, "No". There was a large fir tree on the bank of the River; passing along one day I had cut a jugle out and tried it. It was sap rotten, but if we could get it I could borrow a cross cut saw and could use my right arm. It might be pretty hard to open and some waste, but it would make 100 or more rails to the cut, and when I had use of both arms we would make rails pretty fast. I told the owners about it and what I purposed to do if I could get it. They had never seen the tree, had no knowledge of it, but they would see. The wife said they needed their house and orchard picketed in. I think her idea was, if it would split into rails it might make pickets. I don't know that they ever saw that tree, of one thing I am certain they never made any pickets and they never reported to me. I confess it seemed hard not to be able to get such a tree where so many were growing, and I in such straights. I struggled on as best I could, put in piece of ground in wheat. It yielded well, all things considered. The hogs destroyed some of it, depending on river for fence. In cutting it with heavy home-made cradle, depending on part of scythe stone, I tried to be careful to have it right, as there was only short space between hand and scythe; when sharpening, I set end of scythe on level piece, but it proved to be only about two inches thick and being hollow, underneath, broke. Scythe came down on my finger cutting it one-half off. Of course, if my finger had not given way it would have cut it entirely off. Speaking to the proprietor I showed him, it was just as nearly one-half off as could be, cut more than one-half depth on one side, not quite so deep on the other. There are many incidents to which I might refer, that try men's souls. Waiting at John Day, 45 miles from The Dalles, trying, but finding no way to get on, we had no flour in sight, said to be some coming soon. We paid 75¢ for one pound of green coffee and some other things in like proportion. Wife became greatly discouraged at the outlook. I tried to cheer her, telling her we were going to Oregon; reply did not look much like it. I said darkest hour just before day. Did not think could get much darker. I replied I don't know just how, but we would go, God's promises never failed. His word was true, to the faithful, bread should be given and the water should be sure. Psalmest said he had been young then was old, but had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread, an infidel club concluded they would disprove it. In the city of London, England, where there were 3000 daily paupers they would prove it untrue. They tried but failed to find either a righteous person or their seed begging. I said I had no more doubt of the truth of God's promises than I had of my existence. The only question in my mind is do we fill the measure of the righteous? If we do, we will have bread, the water is in sight in abundance. I know I have not discharged my duty at all times as I should, and have erred in various ways, but God knows my heart and knows my purpose has been to be a sincere follower of his. He knows all about me and I am glad he does and I'll trust, if we

fail it will not be because his promise fails. Of course we had some money, but we could not eat that, three men came along on foot with some flour, asked my wife if she would bake some bread for them. She had process by which she could soon have it light. She answered in the affirmative. We had our large tent spread flat on the ground on which she put the biscuit, one panful after another until it was all baked. They gathered them up into the sack, asked her charge, she said not anything. They replied they did not want her to go to that trouble for them without pay. She said she did not consider it trouble, that the trip was a trying one, and she thought we ought to be willing to help one another, to make it as easy for each other as possible. Then as she looked she saw they had not gathered all the biscuit they had wanted. Said there were more than enough to pay her, if she had been going to charge. She would pay them if they would sell them. They wanted to pay her and after they had gone away, say two rods, one of them threw 50¢ on the tent cloth, so I said dear, here is the bread, which lasted so that the children never went hungry. When we arrived in Portland, waiting for an opportunity to get into the country I think no man felt more grateful than I to God Almighty. Little as we had of this world's goods we were all alive and well, many families broken up by death. I said to my wife, I would not take one thousand dollars and be placed as I was before starting. That I could make more money here off of a few chickens than off a farm in Iowa. Right there by the river were a coop of Poland Top Knots, a woman had brought across the Plains five in number. Two men offered her one hundred fifty dollars per head for them but she refused. I said to my brother who stood there and heard the offer and the refusal, I've often heard of two fools meeting. Now I've seen it. They were fools to offer it. She to refuse it.

In the early summer of '53 I took a contract to dig a portion of the race or canal to run water from Baker creek to McMinnville for Newby's Grist Mill. Taking a yoke of oxen in part pay at one hundred sixty-five dollars and moved on to a claim, in the hills between Willamina and Yamhill rivers, where we underwent more hardship before getting settled fully in my cabin. I cut a complete mouth on my left knee with a drawing knife. We were far from neighbors, no road, near dark, been rainy day, my brother-in-law had camped three-fourths of a mile away. My wife had to go through grass and weeds more than knee high, no trail; to see if he would come and sew it up. He was not there, next morn sent and got man to come, but he dissuaded me from attempting it. Said it ought to have been done at first, but now it was swollen and stiff and it would be like death to attempt it. If blood started might be hard to stop, best keep leg on stool, not bend knee, anyway and give chance to heal. Here we had no door yet, fire place not completed and our winter supplies not laid in. Wife had to go twenty-two miles with two yoke of oxen and two boys after our potatoes and other vegetables. Rained hard o're she got home. Water rose. Stream dangerous, but neighbor, hearing she was coming, sent son on horseback to assist her in crossing to avoid getting into swimming water.

I am now in my ninetieth year. Looking back I see very many mistakes I have made. Often think if I could call back the years, with acquired knowledge I could and would change. One of old spoke wisely when he said, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth". Having a reference to the Christian yoke. I have realized that he that is wise gives heed to the Divine Council. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, by so doing one will avoid many temptations, to which he will be exposed if he puts it off. Also, will escape the unprofitable service of Satan. Often said the regrets of my life are in the main, not giving my heart to God sooner, and been more faithful in His service. Have always felt I ought to have done as I wished, when first converted. Gone to college and acquired a good education. My life might have been very different, my power for good greater, knowing my education was not equal to very many others, has kept me from pushing forward and occupying better positions. I was urged to go into the active work of

the ministry as I was, whilst getting one good thing going to college. I would lose two good things. The result, I neither did one nor the other. I am sorry I've not done more good in the world than I have. I'm glad I have good reason to know some have been brought to a blessed realization of Pardon Sins, and been made conscious of a love all love excelling, even the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and are now partakers of the unending life where there is fulness of joy and pleasures forever more, even an eternal weight of Glory. Some who entered into and have gone before, before I entered into the ministry, whilst I may regret, that I have not been what I might have been and hence am not what I could have been, I'm glad that by the grace of God, I am what I am. My prayer is, and that daily, that I may more fully put on Christ; that when my probation ends here I may find an abundance upon entrance into the world of endless light. I may not tarry here. Oh! that I might have the assurance e're I go hence, that I may be so happy as to not only find my loved ones gone before, but to have an assurance that all Our Beloved offspring for whom their Sainted mother so earnestly labored and fervently prayed, may finally make an unbroken family in Heaven, to join in the song which the Angels cannot sing; Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us in his own blood, to Him be Glory and Majesty and Might, forever and forever, Amen!

## REV. ROBERT BOOTH

Rev. Robert Booth, pioneer Methodist preacher, whose name is inseparably associated with the early history of the denomination in Oregon, celebrated the 96th anniversary of his birth today by fishing in the North Umpqua River in the vicinity of Beckley's ferry. He was accompanied there by Robert Booth and wife, of Eugene; William Booth, of Prineville; J. H. Booth, wife and sons, Todd and Harry; Edward Singleton and wife; Herbert Ogden and wife, of Roseburg; and little Bobbie Booth, of Eugene. One of the features of the day's outing was a delicious picnic dinner served at noon. The trip to Beckley's ferry was made by automobile, the machines leaving here shortly after 7 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Booth was born in Lancashire, England, on August 4, 1820. His father, who was a manufacturer in his native country, brought the family to America in 1830, and settled in Westchester county, New York. Six years later the family moved to Iowa, where the elder Mr. Booth died in the year 1838. During the year 1850 Mr. Booth made a trip to the California gold fields, crossing the plains by ox-team, and arrived at Hangtown on July 31. The oxen made what was considered fast time, and was the first team to arrive in California that year. By way of Nicaragua Mr. Booth left for his home in December, 1850, but encountered severe storms on the Pacific and many hardships during the trip, so that he did not reach his destination until March 25, 1851. In April of 1852, accompanied by his wife and children, he started for the West again, and six months later arrived in Yamhill county. In the year 1853 he took up a donation land claim near the Grand Ronde reservation. Two years later he joined the Oregon conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, and in 1858 was ordained, his assignment being in Washington and Yamhill counties. In August, 1867, he moved to Wilbur, Douglas county, where he assumed the pastorship of the Methodist Episcopal church. Three years later he moved to Crook county, where he followed the ministry and engaged in the stock business. Returning to Douglas county in the year 1872, he bought a farm near Wilbur, and, while cultivating his land, preaching whenever the opportunity was afforded. During two years of the time he was pastor at Monroe, Benton county, for one year proached regularly at Turner, and Grants Pass. He also lived at Salem for a long time.

Rev. Mr. Booth came to Roseburg a few months ago to make his home with his daughter, Mrs. Edward Singleton.

Roseburg News Review
August 4, 1916.

Roseburg News Review
August 4, 1916.



Rev. Robert Booth died in Eugene, Oregon, at home of R. A. Booth July 12, 1917. In 1836 his family took a steamer at New York City for New Orleans and went up the Missouri river to St. Louis, Missouri. As minister he served charges at Springfield, Creswell, Monroe, Wilbur, and Grants Pass. He was an active Mason and originated a number of lodges in southern Oregon. His second marriage was to Mrs. Mary Buslong, widow of a Methodist minister, in 1902. She died at Salem, Oregon, January 1915, after which he lived with various children until the time of his death. His funeral was from the Methodist Episcopal church in Grants Pass.

Morning Register
July 13, 1917

ROBERT BOOTH

Robert Booth, who died at Eugene last Wednesday at the age of 96, was a member of that robust band of pioneer preachers who reclaimed Oregon from the wilderness and dedicated it to Christian civilization. It is a familiar historical fact that the early missions, with their rugged and indefatigable evangelists, were a powerful factor, indeed a controlling influence, in making the Great Northwest American territory.

It is true enough that Mr. Booth was not one of the earliest missionaries, nor in a literal sense a missionary at all, for he was an ordained preacher and he came to Oregon in 1852, when the Methodist conference was a thriving and well-established organization. Yet his name is associated with Jason and Daniel Lee, Gustavus Hines, A. F. Waller, David Leslie and other fathers of the church who had preceded him by several years, and had fixed firmly the foundations of American occupation. These enterprising soldiers of the cross and avant couriers of the coming army of Americans had arrived in the '30s and the National status of Oregon had been determined long before the heavy immigration of the '50s; but the itinerant preacher had much work to do and the record discloses that it was well done by such citizens and churchmen as the Rev. Mr. Booth.

It is of interest to note that a plate on the front of the old Taylor-Street Church, Portland, shows that it was the first Methodist society organized here in 1848. Four years later, in the fateful and memorable 1852, young Booth came, with his family comprising several young children. It was not uncommon for the journey across the plains to occupy six months, and it was no light undertaking to bring an entire household of five or six members. Yet it was freely undertaken by the intrepid spirit of those days, though there was much hardship on the way and many vicissitudes after arrival.

Mr. Booth's service was long and worthy. His large family of sons and daughters is among the most prominent in Oregon. The contribution of such men to the state, through their faithful service and their exemplary lives, has been great.

The Oregonian July 1917.

from the Pacific Christian Advocate for July 18, 1917

The Last of a "Vanquished Race"

One by one the pioneers of the Oregon Country are dropping from sight and as Methodism was so closely identified with the settlement of this Northwest country the passing of these heroes takes from the ranks of our Church some of its shining lights. No name has been etched more deeply into the history of Oregon Methodism or of the commonwealth of Oregon than has the name "Booth." From 1852 to 1917 is

the span of one strong personality who leaves behind him a family tree whose vigorous branches stretch out into every corner and whose influence will long remain. Much as Methodism and Christianity have benefited by this remarkable family, the commercial and political interests have derived equal or greater stimulus.

The ADVOCATE is pleased to have the subjoined appreciation of Dr. Booth from the pen of Hon. J. C. Moreland, himself a pioneer of 1852--the same year of Dr. Booth's arrival--coming with his father, who was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Judge Moreland has known, imtimately all these heroes and writes with a fervor which no late arrival can possess:

The death of Rev. Booth on July 11th, in his ninety-seventh year, marks the passing on of the last of the most heroic bands of self-sacrificing men who have ever trod Oregon's fair soil. "There were giants on the earth in those days" for those pioneer Methodist preachers were a marvelous race of men. Look at the list commencing with Jason Lee and ending with Robert Booth: Lee (Jason and Daniel), Leslie, Richmand, Hines, (Gustavus and Harvey), Waller, Parrish, Wilbur, Roberts, Pearce, Flinn, Royal, Starr, Belknap, Stratton, Rutledge, Lewis, Dillon, DeVore and Miller. Blot out these names and the work they did, and the old Oregon country would be dark indeed.

They found Oregon a wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and wilder men; they have left it blossoming as the rose. They labored to make men better, to build up here a broad, Christian civilization. That they succeeded beyond their fondest aspirations is but common knowledge.

These pioneers were men of zeal and courage. They were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Him whom they sought to serve, and were animated with but one desire; to win souls to the Master. They did not move among men like the stern prophet of wrath, with the austerity or inspiration of the wilderness; but they went with genial soul, blithe companionship, earnest hope and divinest piety. They counseled without haughtiness and reproved without scorn. They did not seek to lecture men out of vice or scold them into virtue; but dealt with men as bearing the image of the creator. Many of them were well educated in the schools and all had that more useful knowledge, they knew men.

They endured all manner of hardships, suffered the pangs of cold and hunger, braved the dangers of torrent and flood, wild beasts and wilder men, yet bore all with calm and uncompromising heroic fortitude, sustained by an unfaltering faith that they were children of the King.

Robert Booth was the last survivor of this heroic band. Coming to Oregon in 1852, for forty years he did the work of a pioneer preacher most acceptably. Wherever he went he made friends and did good. While his early education was limited he became a great preacher. I have heard him preach some sermons that the greatest seldom equal. He was broad minded and had a most kindly feeling for the opinions of others. The higher criticism bothered him but little. His mind and faith had grasped the fundamental truths of the gospel, and with them he was content, -- ---------- --.

For many years he was a familiar figure on the streets of Salem, bearing his ninety years with a vigor that betokened a much younger man. He grew old gracefully. His greeting was always cheery, and his handshake most gracious and kindly.

I am glad to have known such a man. His life and his words were an inspiration to a better life. As the last of that heroic band, but few if any are entitled to a higher reward for duty nobly done than Robert Booth.

higher reward for duty nobly done than Robert Booth.



Notes by J. P.

In the last few years of his life Grandpa Booth used to make long visits in our home. I would talk with him by the hour. Although past 95 he was not an invalid but stood as straight as a match and walked everywhere with a gold-headed cane. He even took train trips by himself. I remember he had a quiet dignity, a calm, even temperament and liked to visit. He told me of his long lonely rides in bad weather, of having his shirt frozen to his back, of sharing all kinds of fare in pioneer homes.

He told how he would never preach well "until the spirit of the Lord came upon him" during his sermon. Then his influence on the crowd would be tremendous. Many converts were won by his preaching.

One story that impressed me was of his trip on horseback to Boise in 1864 to meet his wife's mother. Since the country was full of road agents, he bought a pistol and carried it in a saddle holster. Whenever he would meet a party of horsemen all would put their hands on their pistols and keep them there while they rode by, turning in their saddles to watch each other out of sight.

He said that as he started the trip a man warned him of the "road agents". Grandpa told him he would take care of them. He would throw his purse on the ground when held up and then when the robber stooped to pick up the wallet, he would "slip him a blue pill." Grandpa would smile and say his friend was skeptical of his plan.

He had many pet expressions such as "Well, I wonder!" "That's better than a snow-ball in a body's ear, I'd say." "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Sometimes he would drop his "H's" as for example when he would say, "Where is my ~~hat at~~?"
at hat

I was present when he died, almost 97 years old. He did not get sick, he just got tired and went to sleep. It was peaceful and dignified. I could not help but remember a few years before when sitting in a rocker talking to my mother in the kitchen about his long life, he said, "I have no regrets."
Mother queried, "No regrets?"
"No regrets," said grandpa.

MINOR

MARY BOOTH
In Memorium

The obituary, read by the Presiding Elder of the District, Rev. D. T. Summerville:

"Mary Booth, nee Minor, was born in Henry county, Indiana, on September 24th, 1826; and died on February 1, 1900, at the residence of her son, Hon. J. H. Booth, at Roseburg, Oregon. In the year 1840 she removed with her widowed mother to the state of Iowa. On the 26th day of August, 1845, she was united in marriage with Robert Booth, of that same state of Iowa. In the spring of 1852 she, with her husband and four children, started upon her long and perilous road across the great plains, to find a new home in the far away state (then territory) of Oregon. By the means of travel of those times it required a journey of six month's duration to reach that far away land. After passing through many hardships and through the midst of many dangers, she, with her husband and family reached the Willamette valley, in the fall of the year, and settled upon what was then known as a Donation Claim, within the present limits of Yamhill county. In this home were spent many happy years, though attended with many privations, such as were experienced by the

pioneers of those early days in the settlement of this great state. In this county were born to her six children. In the year 1867, with her husband and family, she removed to Wilbur, Douglas county, for educational advantages, that her children might have the advantage of such education as could be obtained at the academy, located at this time at that place. Here her youngest two children were born. In the year 1839, when 13 years of age, she was converted to God, under the ministry of Harlan Robbins, in the state of Indiana, and united with the Methodist Church, in which church she continued an active member for sixty-one years, until her death. In 1855 her husband became a member of the itinerancy of the Oregon conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and with him she shared the trials and sacrifices attending such a life, for thirty-nine years, until his superannuation, about six years ago, since which time she has resided in the city of Grants Pass, wielding a great power for God, and for the Church she loved so truly; upon all with whom she was associated she strongly impressed the lovely traits of her perfect and lovely character. God has removed from our midst a lovely and faithful wife and most model mother. She was of that class of earth's noblest and best, of whom the blessed master spoke, when he said 'Ye are the salt of the earth, and ye are the light of the world.' Twelve children in all were born to her, five sons and seven daughters, all of whom have grown to maturity and are yet living. Ten of her children are present at this service. One, Mrs. Mary Toney, resides in the north-eastern part of this state, and could not reach here for this service. The other, Rev. G. M. Booth, D. D., a minister of the Columbia River Conference, and pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Moscow, Idaho, had started for Chicago, Illinois, to be in attendance upon the coming session of the Book Committee, at his mother's death, and could not be reached in time to be called back for this service."

Mr. Jenkins - "I deem it a fitting thing to make this service something of a memorial service, not following the customary order of our ordinary funeral services. There are present with us two former pastors, very intimate friends of the family, who will make addresses at this time. The first will be an address by the Rev. Edward Gittins, upon the topic, 'The Influence of a Christian Wife and Mother in the Home Life, as Has Been Evidence by the Life of Sister Booth.'"

(abridged) 

Rev. Gittins - "I feel this morning like repeating the words 'We are in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' Quite a number of years ago, under the old oaks, in the little town of Wilbur, in the beautiful valley of the Umpqua, my wife and myself first made the acquaintance of Sister Booth. There we crowned her in our hearts as one of the sweetest, purest and noblest women we ever knew; through all the years that crown has not grown dim. Sister Booth was a remarkable woman, a woman of great strength of character, with as brave a heart as ever beat in a woman's bosom - loyal and true to all the interests of her children and friends; a pure, sweet character, shedding the fragrance of a sustained Christian life, not only in the home, but upon the hearts of all who knew and loved her. As was intimated briefly in the obituary, she had hardships to endure incidental to the life of an itinerant Methodist preacher's wife. No Methodist preacher ever had a better, nobler, and kinder, more truly devoted wife and one more attached to her husband; she sustained my true friend, Father Booth, with that wealth of true love that a true woman can give, perfect confidence in God's Willingness and ability to guide them in their work. Sister Booth gave forth an influence that is deathless, and planted the indestructible seeds of righteousness and beauty in the lives of her children. In all the relations of life, sanctified by the tenderest love, and an experience in religion that was deep and precious, Sister Booth measured up to all the requirements of a woman of God, and filled the description in the Book of Proverbs, of what a woman ought to be, and what a woman ought to do, in the home.

Her love, I could not measure, - it is measureless - and I shall never forget the testimony that I heard from her lips in class meeting, wherein it seemed to me that the power and beauty and glory of the religion of Christ was like a halo upon her face, as she told how she entered her closet, and there, in the spirit of Jacob, when he wrestled with the angel, pleaded with God that all her children might be converted, and came not forth until the answer was given her, that God had heard her prayer, and would save her children. I remember, to this day, how that testimony thrilled me; the memory of it, like the flowers in my heart, are there blooming yet, and it has strengthened and blessed me many times. By the side of our dear brother she stood, to comfort him and to cheer his heart, and to bless him, for none but a Methodist preacher's wife knows the depths of the trials that come to the minister of God, and especially as they came in the early days, but she was true and loving and devoted to all these precious influences, and lives today in the lives of her children and her friends. It is beautiful to believe with all the heart and to trust with all the soul. Sister Booth had a clear experience of conversion and a clear and beautiful experience of the power of God to Keep and to save. She is not dead, but lives, - not only does she live in the hearts of her children, and the strength and beauty and sweetness of that life is reproduced in her offspring, but she lives in perennial sweetness in the lives of all who knew and loved her. Her influence in the home was beautiful and touching, and from it there came out an ever increasing stream of the influence and power that can only come from such a character. God singularly favored our precious friend. She lived to train and nourish her sons and daughters to manhood and womanhood, and saw them with a heart of love, take their places in society, and have children gathered about their knees, so that she could lay her hands upon the heads of over thirty grandchildren, and give the blessing of a pure heart to them. How beautiful were those words, 'I shall go right to heaven.' We can link them with the sublime testimony of Frances Willard, 'How beautiful to be with God.' May it be our inestimable privilege and transcendent and glorious reward to meet with her who has gone before. And may it be our privilege to meet again in the splendor of heaven with the spirit of her who left us the precious legacy of a spotless example and holy Christian character.

The Following Account is Taken from an Interview with Aunt Seddie Reported by Fred Lockley, Feature Writer, in the Oregonian of April 19, 1934.

Our donation claim was near Fort Yamhill, and the officers at the fort bought butter, milk, eggs and chickens, so Father did not have to depend on the church members for his salary. Twice a year Father drove to Portland and sold butter and cheese to a store at Stringtown and traded the firkins of butter and cheese to P. Selling, father of Ben Selling, who was one of the pioneer merchants of Portland.

Phil Sheridan, one of the officers at Fort Yamhill, used to like to come over to our house to eat Mother's home cooking. He often ate Sunday dinner at our home. In fact, most of the officers who were stationed at Fort Yamhill prior to the Civil War used to be frequent visitors at our home.

As I look back on my girlhood I realize how busy my mother was rearing her large family of children and doing all of the work of the home, for in those days there were no labor saving devices. Mother carded and spun the wool and made the clothes for all the children. She also made father's overcoats and made his white shirts. She did all of the sewing by hand and at first did the cooking over the fireplace. She molded all the candles we used, and knitted socks and stockings for all of us and also knitted socks for sale. Mother knitted lots of socks and mittens which she sent to her brother John, who was a soldier in the Union Army. He was wounded twice. When he was finally discharged, he told mother that he had never received a single pair of the socks or mittens.

Father was gone on his preaching trips most of the time, so Mother had to oversee the boys, who did the work of the farm. One of the Indian boys, named Moses, who was about 16 years old, became very fond of my brothers. He would often visit at our home. One day he came running to the house and said, "Go quick. Some bad Indians coming to burn your home and kill you. I will have to run back or they'll kill me for telling." We hurried away from home and stayed at a neighbor's house that night. Next morning there were the moccasin tracks of Indians all around our house, but they did not burn the house.

One time Indian Dave's squaw came to our house to trade a beautiful white silk shawl with long fringes. I was crazy to have it. She also had a silver tea service to trade. In spite of my ardent desire to have Mother get them, she wouldn't trade for them. She explained to me that it didn't become a minister's family to have silk shawls and silverware, and moreover, these articles had undoubtedly belonged to people the Indians had killed.

Notes by J. P.

Of Grandma Booth, grandpa Booth used to say, "If Christ had been born in our time, God would have chosen mother for the Virgin Mary."

Those who knew her were impressed by the fact that she possessed the combination of courage and firm mindedness together with kindness and sympathy. My father used to say that she possessed a very rare combination of gentleness with great strength of character.

I have heard her children comment many times on her poise and calmness in emergencies and on her willingness to help others nonsparingly.

She had the confidence of all her children. Each felt that if he could just talk it over with mother, everything would be all right, and in many a later gathering I have heard them mention this fact in their reminiscing.

## THE MINOR FAMILY

Little is known of the ancestors of Mary Minor Booth. The following information was obtained by Barbara Davis from Mrs. Sarah Hockett and Mrs. Bertha Peterson, being their recollections of conversations with their mother concerning her relatives. Although her name is spelled Miner, in her obituary, the concensus of opinion is that she spelled it Minor. The Miners and Minors have a common ancestry in Europe, but in America the Miners settled around Stonington, Connecticut, while the Minors emigrated to Virginia. Some geneologists state that the Minors of Virginia were a branch of the Miners of Connecticut.

It is known beyond doubt that the first name of Mary Booth's maternal grandmother was Mary and that she was Dutch. Her sir name is unknown to us. She married a Garner, first name unknown, and their child, Mary, became the mother of Mary Booth. Mary Garner married a (1) Minor in West Virginia, given name thought to be James; and (2) a Johnathan Toney in Yamhill county, Oregon.

Children of James Minor and Mary Garner are listed below together with what little information we have found about them.

1. Emmarine Minor.
She married Josiah Linnens and lived at one time in Tarkio, Missouri; later they moved to Kansas. She had several children. One of them, Emma, was bitten by a rattlesnake and it was with her that Emmarine lived after her other children had left home.

2. Sarah Minor.
Died of blood poisoning a month before her wedding day.

3. John Minor.
He was left a widower with four children. Lived in Iowa. Served in Union army and was twice wounded. He fought for 24 hours standing in water. A Bible in his breast pocket deflected a bullet which might have killed him otherwise.

4. Waller Minor.
Was the eldest son. He lived in Iowa. His children were Sarah, George, John and James. John and Sarah lived in Iowa.

5. George Minor.
Came to Oregon in 1852 and settled in Yamhill county. He married and died there. Had two children, one of whom was Lena.

6. Owen Minor lived in Galesburg.

7. Mary Minor married Robert Booth.

MINORS

Miners - New England (northern)
Minors - Virginia (southern)

It is tradition to effect that name of Bullman was changed to Miner by Edward III, who on his way to invade France in 1339 was aided by Henry Bullman from his own iron works, with 200 fighting men armed with battlearms made in his forge. The king changed his name and knighted him and a battle ax was placed on his coat of arms.

The high authority Burke shows that Miners and Minors were in England from the days of the Norman Conquest and Battle Abby. In Robson's "British Herald" eight families of Minors are mentioned with their respective coats of arms, but mostly without any dates which is a sign of their great antiquity.

Mr. Sidney Miner's more definite account is that Lt. Thomas Miner, born in England in 1608, came to Massachusetts in 1630, and from him the Minors are descended. He once wrote that a Thomas Miner of his family had migrated to Virginia.

On October 25, 1673, it was enacted that Miner Doodes, Doodes Miner and four others be naturalized with all the privileges of natural born Englishmen.

MARY GARNER MINOR TONEY

Mrs. Mary Toney of Wilbur, aged 80 years, died Sunday, April 28, and was buried Tuesday from the Academy chapel. In accordance with her dying request her son-in-law, Rev. Robert Booth, preached the funeral sermon to a large audience of loving friends, many of whom were moved to tears by the eloquent tribute to a departed mother.

Her life was full of varied experiences. Born in Halifax county, Virginia, married when 16 years old to Mr. Minor in West Virginia she went with him to Kentucky, thence to Indiana, thence to Iowa, where her husband, a veteran of the Black Hawk war, died. She crossed the plains alone in 1864, being met at Boise City by her son-in-law, Robert Booth, with whom she made her home for many years. In 1869 she was again married to James Toney, an old pioneer of Oregon, who still survives her. She was the mother of ten children all of whom are dead but four, the youngest being 47 years of age. Mrs. Booth of Wilbur is her only child living on this coast. Her life was ever remarkable for its singular purity and pious devotion and she won the love of all who knew her. Seldom has it been the lot of the writer to witness more genuine sorrow, or more tokens of universal love, than at the last sad rites over Mother Toney. "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her."

NOTES

Hesikiah Garner, born in Pennsylvania, lived to be 70 years old. He went to Virginia from Pennsylvania. His life was largely spent in Virginia although after the war he moved to Indiana. He had a son, James, born at Leesburg, Luiden county, Virginia. James was five when the family went to Indiana.

John Minor was born May 13, 1761, and died June 8, 1816. He was born at Topping Castle, Conlius county, Virginia, served in the war of 1812 and gained title of General. He was a member of the house of Virginia delegates and said to have introduced first bill for freedom of the slaves. He lived at beautiful Hazel Hill, Virginia. Had seven children.

A Mevelic H. Garner lived in Preston county, West Virginia - was a member of Methodist Episcopal Church. The above from Irma Historical library.

This from Washington, D. C. John L. Minor born September 7, 1832. Parents not shown. Enlisted August 12, 1862. Galesburg, Iowa for three years. E - 40" Regiment, Iowa Infantry. Discharged August 2, 1865. Died January 19, 1919, Prairie City, Iowa.

Notes made by Mrs. Bertha Peterson
while visiting her son, John, in Iowa.

Notes by J. P.

Great Grandmother Toney came out to Oregon in 1864 to be near her daughter, Grandma Booth. I do not know much about "Grandma Toney" except that she was very popular with her grandchildren and went out of her way to make them at home. From their enthusiastic description she must have been a lady of sweetness and charm.

Following are the children of Robert and Mary Boo



MARY L. TONEY

It was in 1852 that this pioneer woman came to Oregon, overland from Iowa, and settled in Yamhill county with her parents. In 1866 she was married to the man whose name she now bears, and the two, emigrating to eastern Oregon, passed through some of the most stirring of the early day events. Interwoven with her biography is the story of the upbuilding of the present commonwealth from its primeval state.

When reading the current history of the settlement and development of a new country, it is a lamentable fact that the patient women, who forsook all the comforts of civilization for the rugged hardships of pioneer life, to assist the brave husband and father in the arduous task of empire building, are seldom ever mentioned. Perhaps the rising generation of native Oregonians are pleased to hear the name of "father" honorably mentioned as a respected pioneer; but it is safe to presume that very few ever think of the important part that "mother" took in the development of this state, and that to the pioneer mothers more than half the credit is due.

One of the most prominent of these pioneer women is Mrs. Mary L. Toney of Mitchell, Oregon, who was born in Iowa September 14, 1846. Her father, Robert Booth, a young Methodist minister, emigrated from Lee county, Iowa, in 1852, and settled in Yamhill county, Oregon when the subject of this sketch was only seven years of age.

Her early life was spent in Yamhill and Douglas counties and she received all the benefits of the best educational institutions in these districts. On October 11, 1866, she was married to Johnathan Toney, a young man of sterling character and indomitable courage.

During the third year of their married life the young couple resolved to build themselves a home in the bunch grass county, east of the Cascades, and accordingly, in the fall of 1870, they started over the Cascades by way of the old military road, through the Goose lake country, into Wasco county. After tedious and perilous trips through the mountains and down the Deschutes river, to where Prineville now stands, they traveled up the Ochoco, across the mountains known by the same name, and through the Bridge creek country.

They concluded to settle at the head of a small creek, which was called Gird creek, in honor of an old hunter and trapper by the name of Gird, who was presumably one of the first white men who had ever camped any length of time on this creek. As a pleasant site for a home the Toneys selected a cozy nook on the banks of the creek, where numerous springs of the purest kind of water abounded. The location lay at the foot of a towering butte. This butte is now, and always will be known as "Toney butte."

In the vicinity of such surroundings the couple prospered and in a few years had acquired large holdings of land and counted their horses and cattle by the hundred. True, there were no social advantages, no churches, theatres or card parties, but children came and a cheerful, happy home soon became the dearest and most highly prized asset.

The nearest town, The Dalles, was 120 miles away. They "went to town" only once a year and the post office, "Bridge Creek," was 12 miles away on the Sutton ranch. The mail came by stage three times a week. All went well for several years, the annual "round ups" and the annual trip to The Dalles furnishing the chief diversions.

One day, in June, 1878, the blood curdling news, "Indians on the warpath," came to them. On the morning of June 23, 1878, George Churchill, a settler on Shoofly creek, rode to the Gird creek country and warned all the settlers, three in number to fly for safety, as the Indians had been engaged in battle by the troops at Silver creek in Harney county, and were not scattered over central Oregon, plundering, pillaging and murdering.

The news fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and in a few hours the settlers had gathered what few household necessities they could pack into their wagons and on pack animals, the children piled on top of the moveables, each family hurried to the rendezvous, which was at the old Brown ranch (now the property of G. L. Frizell). Here the terrified settlers, about 13 families in all, spent the night. A complete list of the men and their families is as follows: Henry Helm, John Helm, A. Helm, Marian Gilliam, John Gilliam, John Kellogg, Eli Reed, George Churchill, Jonathan Brown, Sam Gilliam and mother, all of the Shoofly country; W. A. Booth, Jonathan Toney, T. J. Monroe, Frank Monroe and mother, all of the Gird creek country.

The party spent the night in consultation. It was concluded that they should all move to the Sutton ranch, on Bridge creek which was hurriedly done. All the settlers of the country now known as Wheeler county were safely barricaded at this point until the close of the Indian war of '78. On this memorable trip Mrs. Toney was accompanied by her five oldest children, Effie (now Mrs. G. H. Cornett of Prineville), "Jimmy," Willie, Robby and Mamie (now Mrs. M. D. Shields of Mitchell).

Upon returning home after the close of the war, Mrs. Toney says that although the cattle and horses were badly scattered on the range, there was no loss which could be attributed to the Indians. There were no incidents of importance in the life of this brave woman from the close of the war until May 4, 1886, on which date her greatest sorrow and loss occurred, the death of her husband, Jonathan Toney.

The Journal
February 27,

Notes by J. P.

I was too young to know Aunt Mary, but I knew she was greatly admired and looked up to by her younger brothers and sisters. One time when I was working for the Forest Service in the Cascade Mountains, the old packer who was taking me into our camp by Waldo Lake said, "You're R. A.'s nephew, aren't you?"

Everyone called Uncle Bob, "R. A.". I answered, "Yes."

"I used to take him and some other fellows hunting. R. A. would never hunt on Sunday."

"Oh."

"I knew your Aunt Mary, too. She shore was one fine lady."

"Oh."

"Yeah. One time when we were riding a stage out of Mitchell the driver got to beating the horses, and did she ever tell him to stop it. He stopped it too."

JOHN OWEN BOOTH

Judge John O. Booth, easily the first citizen of Grants Pass andone who held a high position among the noted men of the state, died on Wednesday morning, January 26, at his home in this city. The sad news was not entirely unexpected and yet it cast a gloom over not only this city and county, but over many other places to which points the intelligence quickly spread. The judge had been critically ill some weeks and his family and friends hoped that his life would be spared, but as the days wore on this hope was by many abandoned. On Tuesday it became apparent that the end was nigh and the following morning "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," he passed through the portals of time to eternity. In the growth and prosperity of Grants Pass Judge Booth took deep interest, and in this fertile field of enterprise he devoted the last twenty years of his life. He was honored for his loyalty to his people and loved for his many noble qualities of mind and heart. During all the long years of his residence here he was always ready to devote his time to the public good and the advancement of the best interests of Grants Pass and Josephine county.

His funeral took place on Friday morning, the 28th inst, at the Newman M. E. church, and was one of the largest gatherings of the kind that has ever taken place in this city. As a mark of respect to the deceased, every business house in Grants Pass was closed while the funeral was in progress. An incident was related at the funeral which should be told here. It was said that 25 years ago an agreement was entered into by Judge Booth, then a young man, and the Rev. Gittens that when either should die the survivor should speak at his funeral, and in accordance with this compact the Rev. Gittens came to Grants Pass and paid a loving tribute to his departed friend. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. H. Leech, pastor of the church assisted by Rev. Alexander McLane and Rev. J. W. McDougal, of Portland, former pastors of the church. The service at the Masonic cemetery was conducted by Grants Pass Lodge No. 84 A. F. & A. M. and were very impressive.

John Owen Booth was born in Lee county, Iowa, January 12, 1848, and came to Oregon with his father and family when he was four years old. He was a son of Rev. Robert Booth one of the early pioneers of the Methodist Episcopal ministry who settled with his family in Oregon and honored the state by bringing here his numerous noble sons to become its citizens. This pioneer minister of the gospel is still living at the ripe age of 89 years and resides at Salem. It is said by his biographer that the family first settled near old Fort Yamhill, Oregon, where they remained until 1867, when they moved to Wilbur, Douglas county. At the Wilbur academy Mr. Booth received his early education. Later he became a school teacher, and in 1870 he was elected county school superintendent on the democratic ticket, serving one term.

Late in 1871, Mr. Booth was married to Mrs. Annie E. LaBrie, an Oregon pioneer of 1853, and settled on a large farm near Garden Valley, between Cleveland and Wilbur. During the administration of County Judge J. H. Fitzhugh this farm was sold to the county as a home for indigents, and during the first eight years of the existence of this institution Mr. Booth acted as its superintendent. Late in the '80s, Mr. Booth engaged in the merchantile business at Yoncalla in partnership with his brother, Robert A. Booth, now of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company, and an ex-senator of Lane county. Subsequently he moved to Roseburg, and in 1891 located in Grants Pass, Josephine county, where he has resided permanently until his death.

Mr. Booth first engaged in the drug business in this city. He gave this up after a time to take the joint management of the Western Hotel and Hotel Josephine, continuing in this for five years, at the end of which period he dropped the latter,

Gradually enlarging the scope of his commercial interests, he built three brick buildings and a number of frame structures and, with his son, John M. Booth, became interested in the hardware house known as the Booth-Coron Hardware company. Mining was also embraced in the sphere of Mr. Booth's activity, and his name was identified with several valuable gold producers in Josephine county, chiefly on the Illinois river and in the Grand hills.

During his residence in Grants Pass, Mr. Booth has been a prominent factor in democratic county and state politics. In 1902 he was elected judge of Josephine county, which county is usually republican. For years he was a member of the state central committee, and in 1898 he was placed on the state ticket as a candidate for treasurer. Though defeated along with the rest of the democratic candidates, Judge Booth carried Josephine county 2 to 1 over his opponent and ran 4000 votes ahead of the balance of the ticket throughout the state. In the year that he was elected to the Josephine county judgeship he previously declined the nomination for secretary of state and also for joint senator. He was a member of the Oregon delegation in two national democratic conventions.

Judge Booth was a member of Grants Pass Lodge No. 84 A. F. & A. M.; Reanes Chapter No. 28, R. A. M., Grants Pass; Oregon Consistory No. 1 and Al Kader Temple, N. M. S., both of Portland, and of Roseburg Lodge No. 326, B. P. O. Elks. As a leading member of the Methodist Episcopal church, he has rendered valuable services on its official board, as a Sunday school superintendent and as a lay representative at the general conferences held in New York City and Omaha. Judge Booth was a member of the Oregon Commission of the A.-Y.-P. exposition held last year at Seattle.

Besides his son, John M. Booth, there survives Judge Booth, a widow and one daughter, Mrs. Amy L. Holmes, of Grants Pass. One daughter, Mrs. Hettie E. Dunbar, died five years ago. Mrs. Rose Ritchey, of Grants Pass, is a step-daughter, and E. B. LaBrie, of Wilbur, Douglas county, and Thomas LaBrie, of Silver Lake, Oregon, are step-sons. Exclusive of Hon. R. A. Booth, of Eugene; Mrs. M. L. Toney, of Prineville, and Rev. Robert Booth, the aged father, the following brothers and sisters survive Judge Booth out of the original family of 12 members: Hon. J. H. Booth, president of the Douglas National Bank, and Mrs. T. E. Singleton, both of Roseburg; Hon. W. A. Booth, former county judge of Crook county, now a banker of Prineville; Mrs. J. M. Hockett, of Eugene; Mrs. Jennie A. Mee, of Ashland; Mrs. Z. T. Keyes, of Salem; Mrs. E. H. Belknap, of Munroe, Oregon., and Mrs. Bertha A. Peterson of Grants Pass.

Courier of Grants Pass January 28, 1910

Notes by J. P.

Uncle John lived at Grants Pass where we went after my father died. We lived next to Grandpa Peterson who had platinum blonde hair, typical of his Swedish ancestry. Grandpa Peterson was a Civil War veteran and always wore his G. A. R. hat. Down on the main street, Uncle John, known as Judge Booth, operated the Western Hotel. Young as I was I remember him. He was straight and handsome and had "the Booth look." Just what "the Booth look" is, would be hard to say, but people who knew the family noted and remarked on the very strong family resemblance shared by its members.

Whenever my brother Bob and I would go down town, Uncle John would take us down dusty Main Street, past the horses stomping at the hitching posts, to buy us chewing gum, a special red kind that was our favorite.

WILLIAM ANDREW BOOTH

Dalles Chronicle (Oregon)
May 9, 1922

William Andrew Booth, for years prominent in central Oregon affairs as a stockman, county official and banker, died at 6 o'clock last evening at the home of Mrs. L. A. Booth, his daughter-in-law, 108 East 7th Street.

Death terminated a long and painful illness, for he was a victim of cancer, and from the time he was operated upon Aug. 11th, last year, Mr. Booth was practically bedfast. His son, L. A. Booth, died last Winter.

Robert A. Booth was notified yesterday afternoon that his brother was very low, and left his home in Eugene at once. He arrived too late, however, to see his brother alive. During his brother's illness, the highway commissioner was a frequent visitor at his bedside. As recently as a week ago Sunday he was in the city.

The Booth family in Oregon is a distinguished one, and William A. Booth was a notable member of it. Always pioneers, the family was in the forefront of Oregon immigration. William A. Booth was born in 1849 in Lee County, Iowa. With three other children he was brought by his parents through the overland route to the Oregon country in 1852. After reaching The Dalles, the mother and her children descended the river by boat, while the father went by foot to Portland.

Soon afterwards, the Booths located on a homestead near Willamina in Yamhill County. There were twelve children in the family, six of whom survive.

William A. Booth, as a young man, came to old Wasco County in 1872, settling near Mitchell in what is now Wheeler County. He took up stock raising and was in th vicinity continuously for many years. Upon the organization of Crook County, he was elected sheriff, serving two terms, taking office the first time in 1890. He had moved to Prineville and in 1902 he was elected county judge, serving only part of th term. For a period of three years he was engaged with other men in merchandising an in the operation of a grist mill.

The Crook County Bank was organized in 1905. Mr. Booth was elected its President, and held office until 1914, when he sold out in order to take his wife to California. His first marriage in 1877 was to Mrs. Lucy Cary. She died in California in 1915. She was the mother of two children, a daughter, Mrs. Iva Price, who died in Eugene five years ago, and the son, L. A. Booth, who was eight years receiver of the U. S. Land Office in The Dalles and who died last year.

Mr. Booth married Mrs. Anna Larsen of Alameda, California, in 1916. Later they went to Prineville to live, but in recent years their home has been in Roseburg. Last August, Mr. Booth recognizing the necessity for an operation, went to Portland to enter the hospital, but decided to come to The Dalles first and transact some business. While here, he decided to undergo the surgical operation and on August 11 the surgery took place at a local hospital. Some relief was afforded, but it was realized the disease had progressed too far, and he was taken to the home of his son to await the end.

William A. Booth was a member of the Masonic Lodge and of the Knights of Pythias at Prineville.

The body was taken to the Fell Funeral Home and prepared for shipment this afternoon to Eugene. The funeral will be held there tomorrow at 2 p.m., and interment will be in the family mausoleum.

Mr. Booth was formerly the owner of large holdings near Prineville, and in Wheeler County, but all of these were closed out when he sold his interest in the bank.

From History of Crook County, 1915.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH

William A. Booth, who has shown himself one of the leading commercial men of Crook County, was born on September 6, 1849, in Lee County, Iowa. Robert Booth, a native of England was his father. He came to America when young and settled in New York and as early as 1852 crossed the plains to Yamhill County where he took a donation claim and in 1867 moved to Douglas County, and soon after to Josephine County, all in the state of Oregon. He was a preacher of the gospel in the Methodist denomination and was a man of prominence. Our subject's mother, Mary (Minor) Booth, was born in Indiana and came to Iowa when a young girl. She crossed the plains in 1852.

After studying in the common schools, our subject entered the Wilbur Academy in Douglas County, Oregon, and there completed his education. In 1871 he came to what is now Crook County and engaged in the stock business. He was especially successful in this line and was soon one of the leading stock raisers of the state of Oregon. Being thus prospered, he gained wealth rapidly and at the same time demonstrated his ability to handle it very successfully.

From 1894 to 1899, he embarked in the mercantile business and gained an equal success in his labors to that in stock raising. Twice Mr. Booth has been sheriff of Crook County and gave the people a splendid administration. In 1902 he was chosen county judge.

At the present writing (1905) Mr. Booth is the moving spirit in the establishment of a bank in Prineville. With several others, they have secured the incorporation papers and will soon elect their officers and open the doors of the institution. He is a man abundantly fitted to take charge of an enterprise of this sort and we may expect the same careful business dealing as has been pursued in his life heretofore. The people have great confidence in Mr. Booth and it is well merited by his life.

In 1877, William A. Booth married Lucy S. Carey, a native of Marion County, Oregon, and the daughter of Abijah Carey, one of the earliest pioneers of the Willamette Valley. Two children have been born to this union, Luren A. and Iva E.

Mr. Booth is a member of the A. F. & A. M. and the K. P. He is deservedly classed as one of the earliest pioneers and is a leading citizen and one of the substantial and representative men of Central Oregon.

Notes by J. P.

My brothers and I got to know Uncle Will quite well as he came to visit us almost every summer. He had a real twinkle in his eye, and like all my Aunts and Uncles paid special deference to small children. The first thing he would do would be to shake hands with each of us, leaving a 50¢ piece in our hands. Then he would ask how the fishing was and together we would take stock of the fishing equipment. This would result in a trip to town to buy what was lacking.

Then we would hike down through the pastures to the deep holes where in the shade of cotton woods and willows we would spend most of our time fishing for trout.

Then we would hike down through the pastures to the deep holes where in the shade of cotton woods and willows we would spend most of our time fishing for trout.



I know he was past 70 in those days because he used to tell my mother he was, "Going on borrowed time." We were impressed by his way of saying "Might' nigh." When a fish slipped off the hook, he would say, "I might' nigh got him that time."

One summer evening on the lawn he showed us how to stand on our heads by doing it himself.

In 1918 we went down to Camp Fremont, California to see my brother Ford, who was in the army. On the way we stopped at Uncle Will's and Aunt Anna's. He took Bob and me to Neptune beach at Alameda. We saw and did everything including a ride on the "Zip," one of those hair-raising roller coasters. He seemed to enjoy it all as much as we did.

SARAH BOOTH HOCKETT

The funeral of Sarah Booth Hockett, early Oregon pioneer, will be held today at 1 p.m. from Pearson funeral home. Vault entombment will be at Lincoln Memorial Park Mausoleum. Mrs. Hockett died Wednesday at her home, 5315 N.E. Mallory Avenue, after a prolonged illness.

Her father was Rev. Robert Booth, well known as a Methodist Circuit Rider in the early days. The donation land claim of the Rev. Mr. Booth and his wife, Mary, was near old Fort Yamhill, where Phil Sheridan, who became a Civil War General was stationed as Lieutenant.

Sarah Booth born March 17, 1854, was one of 12 children. She received the greater part of her education in the old Methodist Wilbur Academy in Douglas County, where the Booth family moved when she was eleven years old. She married Jessie Mills Hockett in 1875. He was a pioneer of 1847 whose parents succumbed to mountain fever while crossing the plains. He died in 1929.

The Hocketts were both teachers in the Wilbur Academy. They moved to Portland in 1917 after living nearly 40 years in Douglas County. During her residence in both communities she took an active part in the affairs of the Methodist church.

Surviving are her seven children: Mrs. Jay Bowerman, Mrs. W. A. Davenport, Mrs. Bess H. Skog, and Claud G. Hockett, all of Portland; Dr. Clyde T. Hockett and Harold H. Hockett of Enterprise, and Guy B. Hockett of Pinedale, Wyoming.

The Oregonian January, 1937

SARAH BOOTH HOCKETT

Remarks made by the Rev. Victor Phillips, Pastor of Central Methodist Church, Portland, Oregon, at the funeral service of Mrs. Sarah Hockett.

I feel that it is scarcely necessary for me to say more than a few words on this occasion, for we who know Mrs. Hockett are very well satisfied to let her life speak for her. Surely it is true of her that, "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

We can say this of our dear friend. SHE ACCEPTED THE CHRISTIAN WAY OF LIVING. She could say with the apostle, "I know him whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." Mrs. Hockett had learned the art of living in fellowship with God. She knew God not only as Creator, as the All-Wise and All-Mighty, knew Him not only as Judge, but what is far better and far more necessary for all of us to know if life is to be the kind of thing God intended it to be, she knew God in Christ as Companion, as Help-Meet, as Savior. Just as we feel her presence here today, so she felt the presence of Christ always.

Because of that, no days during her long sickness, were wholly dark to her. That is why to come into her presence was a benediction. It was not my privilege to have known her during her more active years. But when I have visited her in her home during these days of invalidism, I have always come away with new enthusiasm for the work of the church and of the Kingdom. She had always a word of cheer, a word of encouragement, a word of helpfulness, and nobody could talk with her without gaining new courage and new confidence for themselves as well as for the Christian crusade. She took her life from God and found in it God's purpose, and because she did that so completely, she helped others to do it also.

But not only had Mrs. Hockett accepted the Christian way of living, SHE ACCEPTED THE CHRISTIAN WAY OF DYING. That is a splendid thing to be able to say of any person. She had not only learned how to live, but she had learned how to die. To her, death was not a tragedy. Death gave new meaning to life. I think that is one reason why she loved deeper than some people. About her life there was a holy optimism. This holy optimism gave to her life a quiet dignity bringing her to the portal of death and through it to eternal character and felicity. To her the end was not dark but light, not sunset but sunrise, not defeat but victory.

## CIRCUIT RIDER'S DAUGHTER

To the editor: The circuit rider's daughter has just passed on. I had the pleasure of visiting the beautiful city of Salem last fall and did so enjoy Wilson Park and all of nature's goodness to this very lovely place. Wandering along, my attention was drawn to the bronze statue "Circuit Rider," and I found myself going back again and again. An excellent piece of work! The pioneer minister who labored for love and not for money, for the good that he could do for fellow man.

I could see the lines on his forehead, the kind expression of his face, the message in his hand, the open Bible -- a true pioneer.

It was my privilege to know this daughter of his, the late Mrs. Sarah Booth Hockett, and she was also an inspiration, like her father. She had the same great faith that helped her to carry on, with a smile on her face, through all hardships; the kind we want to pattern after. It was women like her that made the West what it is. Let us try and keep that spirit ever here.

Mrs. Berntza O. Williams
Ilwaco, Washington (newspaper clipping of voluntary letter sent to the editor.)

## IN MEMORIAM

In memoriam, Mrs. Sarah B. Hockett, honored and much beloved member of this church, passed to her eternal reward, January 27, 1937. We offer our heart felt sympathy to the sorrowing family and command them to the God of comfort.

"You are not dead - Life has but set you free!
Your years of life were like a lovely song,
The last sweet poignant notes of which, held long,
Passed into silence while we listened, we
Who loved you listened still expectantly!
And we about you whom you moved among
Would feel that grief for you were surely wrong -
You have but passed beyond where we can see.

And we about you whom you moved among
Would feel that grief for you were surely wrong -
You have but passed beyond where we can see.



For us who knew you, dread of age is past!
You took life tip toe, to the very last;
It never lost for you its lovely look;
You kept your interest in its thrilling book;
To you Death came no conqueror; in the end -
You merely smiled to greet another friend!

- Roselle Mercier Montgomery -

From Bulletin Central Methodist Church January 31, 1937

Notes by J. P.

We lived next door to Aunt Seddie on the McKenzie River farm, which we, being Oregonians, called a ranch. We spent many happy hours in her kitchen or yard where she spent most of her time. We talked with her about everything imaginable. She had great patience and never seemed to tire of sharing her store of knowledge and her philosophy of life gained from study, experience and a natural kindly insight into human nature. She was always interesting. We would listen to her for hours. Her conversation was often light hearted and amusing but never trivial.

Later when I was in high school, I spent a pleasant four months in the Hockett home with Aunt Seddie and Uncle Jesse. There I enjoyed many an evening talking about pioneer life, current affairs and life in general. When our visiting time was over, I would study on the dining table and she would sit beside me writing letters to all her children who lived away.

The Indians used to try to buy Aunt Seddie from Grandma Booth because she had long, golden hair. Because of this she never went far from the house alone. On one occasion a party of Indians on horseback saw her in a field and rode to cut her off from the house. She managed to beat them home, badly frightened for she was sure they intended to kidnap her. One old squaw in particular used to bargain for her, offering most of her precious possessions to Grandma.

Uncle Jesse's folks died on the Oregon trail about 1847. Their graves were hidden by running wagons over them. He was reared by another family, I believe it was from the same wagon train. Among the stories he used to tell three made a strong impression on me.

One day when he was travelling through timber country he came at evening to a deserted cabin. While preparing his supper by the fireplace he dropped his knife through a crack in the floor. He started to reach down to pick it up, but something made him hesitate. He reached for a couple of sticks to fish out the knife. Instead of the knife, he brought out a full-grown rattle snake with its fangs imbedded in one of the sticks.

Another day a party of men came by his place. They had been hunting deer and had the hearts and tongues of 20 deer with them. The rest of the carcasses had been left behind. Uncle Jesse was quite incensed at their selfish wastefulness and cruelty.

Once when he was hunting with a couple of his boys, he left the two youngsters to circle around to look for a deer they had seen disappear in the brush. When he returned, he found one of the boys jumping up and down excitedly and shouting, "There's a deer Daddy! Shoot! Shoot!"

"Where?"

"Right there, where the bushes are shaking."

"Are you sure? It's not safe to shoot when you can't see the deer."

"Yes, yes. Hurry, Daddy, it will get away."

But he did not shoot and soon one of his boys walked out from the shaking bushes. He had circled around unknown to his brother who mistook him for the deer.

As I look back to those days, I realize that Aunt Seddie and Uncle Jesse were a very happy and devoted couple, loyal to each other, their children, and their friends, and kind to everyone. They were unusually keen-minded and intelligent, traits which are reflected in the fine record made by their children and grandchildren.

## REV. G. M. BOOTH

"ANSWERS THE SUMMONS"
(Dalles Chronicle, July 15,1905)

"In such a time as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh," were the inspired words uppermost in the minds of many as they were startled last evening by the intelligence that Rev. G. M. Booth, presiding elder for the Methodist Church in the Dalles district, was dead. And then came the thought of how well he to whom the Son of Man had come so suddenly had obeyed the injunction to "be ye also ready."

Doubly startling was the news as it came to his friends about 3:45 from the fact that not many were aware of Mr. Booth's condition, and some had even seen him on the street in the morning. Others who were more intimately connected with him, knew that since Spring he had been in failing health and that in May the Conference granted him a respite from duty. But spurred on by the ripeness of the harvest in the Master's vineyard and the arduous duties connected therewith, which it seemed he could not lay aside, he continued in the work. Last week, however, he returned home and decided that after Sunday duties in a neighboring county, he would rest until Conference, little dreaming that his would be the eternal rest which comes to those who have fought the good fight.

Returning home Monday he seemed to be worse and once or twice has suffered from serious heart spells, which rendered him unconscious. Yesterday morning he came down from his home and visited the doctor's office. On his way back he stopped to chat with Rev. Skipworth and M. Whealdon in the office of the latter, and realizing his condition they insisted that Mr. Skipworth drive him home in Mr. Whealdon's buggy. He did so, and as Mr. Booth was exhausted upon reaching his destination, when he returned to the city Mr. Skipworth asked the doctor to visit him. The doctor left him feeling somewhat better but confined to his bed. His condition did not seem to be serious, but during the afternoon Mrs. Booth, who was alone with him (her daughters having gone to the drugstore) left the room for a short time, and upon returning found him lying on his face dead. And thus in a short time the sad news was passing from one to another, "Rev. Booth is dead."

A superior man in every particular, in the church and in all of life's relations, his loss is one to be regretted. More especially will he be missed by the church, whose ministry he had served so faithfully for 25 years. He was admitted on trial into the Columbia River Conference of the Methodist Church in 1882, and his entire ministry was spent in the Conference, which has greatly honored him because of his splendid executive ability (which was recognized as far beyond the average), and his consecration to his work. He served many years as presiding elder, his last appointment being 3 years ago, when he was assigned to The Dalles district and moved to The Dalles. He was also selected 3 times as a member of the General Conference and served a term of 4 years as member of the Book Committee, the most important committee in the entire Methodist Church. Besides this he was appointed by the Bishops a member of the Twentieth Century Forward Movement Commission.

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Mr. Booth's loss at this time will be doubly felt by the Dalles district on account of the nearness of Conference, and the fact that in his keeping were the interests of this district for the coming Conference year. But he goes to his reward from the heat of battle and to him will be given the crown of rejoicing which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give, as he says, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Rev. G. M. Booth was born in Lee County, Iowa, Jan. 12, 1852, was brought to Oregon a few months later, April 12, 1852, and has spent his entire life in the Pacific Northwest. He was married to Clara E. Slaate by Rev. H. M. Skipworth (father of Rev. Walton Skipworth) near Monmouth on Jan. 3, 1878. To them five children were born all of whom survive except Winifred. He also leaves an aged father, Rev. Robert Booth of Salem, four brothers and seven sisters.

GEORGE MINOR BOOTH

Letter From Bishop Berry

My Dear Dr. Rader:

I have been away from home for several weeks and in some way missed the announcement of the death of Dr. Booth. I have just read the startling news in The Pacific Christian Advocate, and am greatly shocked. He was one of the best friends I ever had. In all my acquaintances I never knew a manlier man, and a more transparent, true-hearted, consecrated and Christ-like minister I have not met. My first intimacy with George Booth began when he became a member of the General Book Committee. He never made any display there. He was always quiet and reserved. But he did his own thinking and his judgments were made up with conscientious care. When he took a position on any question he was firm as a rock. What seasons of fellowship we used to have when the annual meeting of the committee occurred. Since then we have corresponded at frequent intervals, and my love for this choice spirit has grown with the years. Is he really gone? It seems scarcely possible. His devoted life should be an inspiration to every minister in the church.

I am just back from the funeral of Bishop Joyce, sad of heart. This new news of the sudden translation of my dear old friend fills my sky with clouds. Who will be called next? We will do well, Doctor, to push the battle hard while we have a chance. Our turn will come soon.

Sincerely,
J. F. Berry

(From Pacific Christian Advocate, 1905)

Notes by J. B.

Unfortunately for me I never knew Uncle George but I came to know when I was very young that the family was very proud of him. He had been a good man and an outstanding preacher. He was the one professional man of the family, a minister and district superintendent of the Methodist Church. People who knew him spoke of his sincerity and devotion and of his excellence in the pulpit. Mother told me that he once turned down a chance to invest money in a very promising venture because he thought it would hurt his influence as a pastor and not be becoming for him to be wealthy.

According to Daisy: "He began his ministry in Eastern Oregon about 1880. His first pastorate was Fossil, Oregon. He had many honors of the church conferred upon him. He got his early training at the Academy at Wilbur. He later received the degree Doctor of Divinity from Portland University in 1898."

JENNIE BOOTH MEE

My father, Jason Lee Cary, was born on January 25th, 1848, near Salem, Oregon.

My mother, Jennie Armstrong Booth, was born on March 25th, 1856, near Willamina, Oregon. At an early age (nine years, I believe) she moved with her parents to Wilbur, Oregon, where she continued to live until she was married to my father who took her to Eastern Oregon. They lived for a time on a place near Mitchell and there the first child, a girl, was born. The date I do not know. This child lived only a short time. From this place they moved to a farm on Shoofly Creek, P. O. Waldron, Grant County. This P.O. is now Richmond and the county is Wheeler. On this farm on July 29th, 1883, I (Hazel Cary) was born and, on April 27th, 1891, (I think) my brother Carl Verne Cary was born. In 1892 we moved to a farm near Mayville, Oregon, Grant County. It was here the youngest child, a girl was born. I have no record of the date but it was about 1895. At the age of six months she died. In May, 1899, my father passed away. After settling up affairs, mother went to Grants Pass where she married Frank Mee in 1901. He passed in 1909. She then bought a farm near Seavey's Ferry, Eugene, where she lived for many years and died in Ashland, Oregon, February 12, 1921.

On April 14th, 1910, I was married to Walter G. Walrad at Ashland, coming to Newport, Oregon, where we have lived ever since. Carmen, our oldest child was born on April 17th, 1911. On September 20th, 1932, she married Lee O. Hunt, both being students at Oregon State College. They now live at Julian, California, and have two girls, Linda Lee, born November 22nd, 1938, and Gwendolyn, born July 28th, 1942. Both girls were born at Santa Ana, California.

On March 27th, 1917, our youngest daughter Ruth Walrad was born. She served over seas during this war as a Hospital Worker for the Red Cross. She is now living in Washington, D. C. Both girls are graduates of Oregon State College but Ruth took her Master's Degree at Stanford.

Mrs. Walter Walrad

In Memoriam

She was the daughter of Rev. Robt. and Mary Booth, early pioneers of this state and almost her entire life was spent in Oregon. In the year 1867, with her father's family she removed to Wilbur, Douglas County, where her happy girlhood days were spent. Here in early childhood she was converted and united with the M. E. church, in which she remained a constant member until called to the church Triumphant. Here she grew to womanhood, completing her education at Umpqua Academy. As a girl she was of buoyant spirit, full of life and hope. She had a bright mind, keen insight, apt wit, vivid imagination, and was the very soul of industry. After completing her education she taught school for a time and on September 24, 1876, was united in marriage with J. L. Cary, of Mitchell, Oregon, where she spent a large portion of her life. To this union were born three children, Mrs. Walter Walrad, of Newport; C. Verne Cary, of Ashland, and Mary Viola, who died in infancy. In 1899 her husband died, and she with her two children removed to Grants Pass, where in 1901 she was happily married to Frank Mee of that city, but in 1909 he too was taken from her by death, and the last years of her life were spent near Eugene and Newport, Oregon. Into her life entered much pain, disappointment and sorrow. For many years she was a great sufferer, but she has entered a land where pain is unknown, where disappointments cannot enter, where sorrow never comes, and tears never fall, for "God Himself shall wipe all tears from our faces," and we shall rest free from earth's sorrows and cares. With her, with Paul, "to die was gain."

[illegible] her life endured much pain, disappointment [illegible]
a great sufferer, but she has entered a land where pain is unknown, where disappointments cannot enter, where sorrow never comes, and tears never fall, for "God Himself shall wipe all tears from our faces," and we shall rest free from earth's sorrows and cares. With her, as with Paul, "to die was gain."



She leaves a daughter, son, two grand-children, three brothers, and four sisters, and a host of relatives and friends to treasure her memory. We shall miss her, we shall love her always; we shall meet again, until then we wait. Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.

ONE WHO LOVED HER.

Notes by J. P.

Aunt Jennie, like Aunt Seddie, lived for awhile near our farm on the McKenzie. We spent many interesting hours with her and from her learned many of the stories of the early life of the family in Oregon as well as many interesting stories of her own adventures in Eastern Oregon. Particularly we enjoyed her wonderful sense of humor and great store of humerous stories, most of them true incidents.

She left Eugene, however, when we were still quite young, so we never had the frequent contacts with her that we had with some of our other aunts. We knew, however, that she liked and understood boys. I remember on one occasion how she was both amused and sympathetic over a black eye of mine.

ROBERT ASBURY BOOTH

Funeral services for Robert Asbury Booth, lumberman and state political figure, who died Friday in Eugene, will be held Monday at 3:30 P.M. in the First Methodist church of that city. Dr. B. Earle Parker, McMinnville, former Eugene pastor, will deliver the sermon, assisted by Rev. L. O. Griffith, Eugene.

One of the organizers of the Booth-Kelley Lumber company in 1897, Mr. Booth acted as manager and later president. Prior to that time he was a merchant, teacher and banker, making his home in Eugene for nearly 50 years.

Born May 15, 1858, in Yamhill county, Mr. Booth was the son of Robert Booth, early circuit rider, and Mary Minor Booth. He graduated from the old Umpqua Academy at Wilbur, Oregon in 1875; from Healds' business college, San Francisco, in 1879, and the College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, in 1922, with a doctor of laws degree, concluding with graduate work at Willamette University the following year. He received an honorary master of arts degree in public service from the University of Oregon in 1929.

Booth was principal of the Oregon State Normal School at Drain in 1886 and 1887, but two years later organized the First National Bank at Grants Pass. He served as president of that bank and vice-president of the Grants Pass Banking & Trust company before becoming president of the Douglas National Bank at Roseburg, where he remained for five years. Besides the Booth-Kelly concern, Mr. Booth was president of Bly Timber Company and Ochoco Timber Company and was former manager and president of the Oregon Land & Livestock Company.

For many years a delegate to republican conventions, Mr. Booth was state senator from 1900 to 1908. During a three-year period as chairman of the state highway commission, he was instrumental in eliminating most of the railroad grade crossings on main highways. Mr. Booth was a trustee of Willamette University for nearly 40 years and was active in the establishment of loan funds in principal colleges of the state. He was a member of the state park commission, Eugene Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club and was a lifelong member of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Booth was married on his birthday, May 15, 1881, to Clintona A. LaRout of Roseburg. Two of their four children, Robert Roy Booth and Mrs. Frederick K. Davis, both of Eugene, survive. Two other children, Echo V. and Floyd Wilson are deceased.

Honorary pallbearers include Amedee M. Smith, Portland; S. H. Morris, Longview, Wash.; Paul Wallace, Salem; W. W. Clark, Portland; Dr. Warren D. Smith, Joyn F. Kelby, E. R. Bryson, H. A. Dunbar, E. E. Martin, L. L. Lewis, James Walker and Richard Shore Smith of Eugene. It has been requested by the family that no flowers be sent for the funeral.

The Oregonian May 1, 1944

ROBERT ASBURY BOOTH

One word described Robert Asbury Booth, pioneer of Oregon - strength. In body and mind and character he was rugged, a man who stood out among strong men because although he attained wealth and power his commanding influence was through wisdom and kindness. The time came when great age ravaged his physical strength but not his mental or moral vigor. At one of the very recent meetings to discuss Lane County's ambitious plan to "take care of our own" in the post-war, R. A. Booth had a front seat and when some doubts were expressed as to the costs and difficulties of such a long-range program, there was calm reassurance in his words: "See it through! Carry on this work!"

In the lumber industry, the name of R. A. Booth is known and will be remembered from coast to coast. In a business famous for its "rough and ready" personalities, R. A. Booth was conspicuous for modesty, sobriety, rigid loyalty to those simple virtues which his circuit rider father had preached to the raw and rugged west. But R. A. Booth was accepted in the rough companionship of mill and camp because in his practice of virtue there was no pretence of superiority. His kindness was real and he did not flaunt his "tolerance." He made no show either in private or public life and built a monument of respect.

In Oregon, we are very proud of our system of highways and of the fact that highway building in Oregon has never been touched by the "politics" which has marred the highway program in many states. This is no accident! R. A. Booth was one of the members of Oregon's first highway commission and he helped to establish the pattern of complete integrity in this department of our government. With R. A. Booth present, the veteran engineers will testify, the highbinders and chiselers were ruled out. The road dollar was dedicated to roads. From the pattern which Booth and his associates established in that first commission has grown the "habit" of integrity and efficiency which has governed the creation of 7,000 miles of modern highway in our state.

With his means, Mr. Booth was very generous to education, to religion. The University of Oregon, the State College, Willamette University and many other institutions have benefitted from his interest but it is doubtful if his public giving was as great as that which he preferred to do quietly. A few years ago the wires carried a tiny "item" relating that the woman who wrote "The Circuit Rider" had grown old and sick and penniless in New York. Mr. Booth was first to respond and when some question rose as to how to reach the woman in New York he turned out in driving rain late at night to tend to the dispatch himself. When younger men wanted to take him home in a car he laughed: "At 86 a little more Oregon rain won't hurt."

A great many people, young and old, in Eugene and everywhere in Oregon will feel they have lost a friend, his comrades in the Rotary Club which he helped to found, his fellow members in the Methodist Church, the many who turned to him for wisdom and advice. Youngsters in the vicinity of Twelfth and Pearl will miss a friend in "Uncle Robert." The capacity of Mr. Booth for friendships was unique. His loyalty was a thing which people sensed - loyalty to the plain ideals in which he believed, to his family, to his friends, his town and his state. He used his long life well and his real fortune was the good name which he built.

Eugene Register Guard April 30, 1944.

ROBERT ASBURY BOOTH

Few, if any other, men of Oregon have left gifted touch on so many enterprises-business, civic, educational, cultural - as Robert Asbury Booth. In his long life he had been head of an Oregon state normal school, the founder of successful banks of large lumbering and stock-raising enterprises. He had served in the state senate, on the state highway commission, as trustee of Willamette University, on the State Park Commission.

His life span was longer than that of the State of Oregon, in which he was born. He saw it grow from pioneer beginnings, and he contributed, as have few other men, to its progress and development.

In his younger years Mr. Booth was active in politics, but his inclinations were more advisory than personally ambitious. He participated in republican state conventions for twenty years, prior to enactment of the direct primary law. In 1914 he did become a candidate for the United States Senate, but more in response to urgings by his friends than from personal inclinations. His principal opponent was George E. Chamberlain, who had been popular as governor and as senator theretofore elected by the Legislature. The campaign was complicated by the candidacy, as a progressive, of William Hanley, well-known stockman of central Oregon. Chamberlain was elected.

Mr. Booth returned without rancor to his private business and to the exercise of his abiding interest in useful but generally unrequited public service.

To have been born in Oregon eighty-five years ago is in itself a distinction. His father was a minister of the gospel, a circuit rider, and to the son descended a devout interest in and respect for the Methodist Church with which he affiliated. There stands in the state house grounds a memorial to the pioneer gospel men of Oregon - an equestrian statue of a circuit rider, his father - the memorial a gift to the state from Robert A. Booth.

Robert A. Booth was known by his works, and they are works that will long hereafter keep him known to the citizens of his native state.

The Oregonian May 1, 1944.

Notes by J. F.

I had so much more personal contact with Uncle Bob than with my other Uncles it is easier to write about him. We lived near him at Eugene where his family and ours visited frequently back and forth. He was an uncle to be proud of, straight, broad-shouldered, and distinguished looking in his impeccable, well-tailored business grays. He was aristocratic but not snobbish. He was impatient with sloth, untidiness, and laziness but not of unavoidable poverty. He was proud without false pride. His speech was accurate, vivid, descriptive but never profane. He was popular with outstanding men in all walks of life but was equally at home with farm hands and loggers.

Once after he was 80 and his eyes had begun to fail him, my mother said to him, "There is a spot on your coat, dear. Do you want me to take it off for you?"

He answered, "Yes, please. You better believe it wouldn't be there if I could see it."

She said, "I know it wouldn't."

He had poise, dignity, and charm, and like all the Booths was a great story teller with a great sense of humor.

When I knew him he had fine silver hair, a broad, high forehead, steady blue eyes under long curving eyebrows, a distinctly typical Booth characteristic. His nose was sharply chissled and reflected his refinement and discerning taste. His mouth was full and firm as was his jaw and chin.

When he was 65, I was working for him during summer vacation on his ranch near Drain. We were clearing land and building fence. He would come out and work along with us two or three days at a time. It was all I could do to keep up with him. He liked especially to use an axe and at clearing land he would almost literally work me into the ground. His strength and vigor were evidence of the clean life he had lived. I only hope I have that much energy at 65.

He was a voracious reader, reading in almost every subject. His library was one of the finest in the state and he loaned and gave books to friends, schools and libraries.

His ability as an organizer and administrator was his outstanding trait.

His personal standard of conduct was unusually high. He was never a party to petty dealing. Once while playing marbles on the living room rug, I heard him tell my mother that if he had accepted the urgings of some lumbermen and gone into a deal which he did not think was fair, he would have netted $9,000,000.

A good many years later, after Aunt Tona had died, I was a guest for several days in his apartment at Eugene. He cooked the meals and entertained me with his usual genial hospitality. It was a delightful visit. During this stay he told me of his role as a buyer of timber for another firm. The firm had a chance to get timber on a basis which Uncle Bob did not think was fair. He told his client so. The client, who was head of this firm, said, "Anything is fair that a man will sign his name to."

Uncle Bob told him he did not look at it that way. He did not believe any deal was fair unless it was beneficial to both parties. The buyer agreed, but in a few weeks another big deal came up in which Uncle Bob outlined what he thought was a fair basis. The buyer said, "But they will agree to a lower price!"

Uncle Bob replied, "Yes, but it is not a fair price."

The buyer said, "Anything is fair a man will sign his name to."

Answered Uncle Bob, "We've talked this over before. If I engineer this deal, we'll have to do it on what I think is a fair basis. No deal is fair unless it is beneficial to both parties." The buyer was convinced and told Uncle Bob to draw up the contract on his terms.

He never got over his love for the early rough pioneer life. Whenever he could, he was away to work on a ranch or to take his boys, friends and dogs on a long trail hike and hunting expedition through some of the Oregon mountains. The Skyline country of the Cascades were a favorite haunt. He got his start with a band of calves bought with money saved from teaching school and grazed on the hill lands of the Calapooyas out from Yoncalla. This small start he built into the successful lumbering business, of which the best known branch is probably the Booth-Kelly of Eugene.

Calapooyas out from [illegible] business, of which the best known branch is probably the Booth-Kelly of Eugene.



Once when he was past 80 he told me he had never accepted an alcoholic drink. In his younger days in the state legislature he campaigned vigorously for prohibition, and that was at a time when such a stand was quite unpopular and considered extremely hazardous politically. He did not smoke. He had that Spartan-like willingness to deny himself and that self discipline which was characteristic of the family. To know this successful, colorful, vigorous and fearless man who was so rough and ready physically but so temperate and gentlemanly has been one of the most helpful influences of my life.

He gave generously to worthy causes, especially to churches and schools. He believed individuals should stand on their own feet and learn to make their own way, yet he helped many to get a start in business or to get an education.

AMANDA VIOLA KEYES

(Excerpts from obituary in scrap book of Bertha Peterson, name and date of paper not known.)

In 1882 under the ministry of her brother, the Rev. G. M. Booth, she was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her temperament readily lent itself to a strong faith. Wherever she has lived she has held intimate association with the Church and befriended its leaders. Everywhere she walked there was marked a pathway made smoother for others and her life became a benediction to all who knew her. In the large family of which she was a member she was always a favorite because of her thoughtfulness and unselfish life. She had a part in bearing every burden that came to brother or sister and she so impressed herself on the family life that she was a counselor to all. There were no maternal depths her great heart did not fathom, nor heights of love to which it did not soar. To her sons and adopted daughter her life gave a meaning of devotion and love that found nothing more beautiful in tradition, or more profound in practical living. Many have truly said, "She was a mother to me." In fact she took two motherless girls into her heart and gave them a home and an education. Her friends were as many as her acquaintances and to them she was the rare flower in God's garden, whose perfume instilled in their souls a new hope and a new life.

Amanda Viola Booth Keyes was the eighth child of Robert and Mary Booth. She was born February 26, 1861 and a native Oregonian. She was baptized April 11, 1869 by Reverend Hull Tower at Wilbur, Oregon, and departed this life August 6, 1917 at her home in Fossil, Oregon. While in young womanhood, Viola, as she was commonly known, moved with her parents to Eastern Oregon where she became acquainted with and on the 16th day of February, 1880 was married by her father, Reverend Robert Booth, at Wilbur, Oregon to Zackery Taylor Keyes, who a few years prior thereto had come to Oregon from Tennessee by the way of the Panama Canal, and was then engaged in the stock business near Mitchell, Oregon. Zackery Taylor Keyes died on the 25th day of August, 1932 in Salem, Oregon, at the age of eighty-five years, and was buried beside his wife in Fossil, Oregon.

Amanda Viola Booth Keyes lived in Eastern Oregon continuously from the time of her marriage until the time of her demise, with the exception of two years spent by the family in Grants Pass and [illegible] years in which the family resided for the purpose of educating their children. She was a devout Methodist and an ardent worker in the W.C.T.U. Her devotion for her family existed to an almost unbelievable degree. It seems her chief aim in life was to make more useful and worthy the lives of others, and in the community where she lived her advise and sympathy was sought by those of every faith and station.

The children of this union are Walter Edwin Keyes of the age of sixty-four years, who is practicing law in Salem, Oregon; Henry Dick Keyes of the age of sixty years, who is engaged in the stock business near Fossil, Oregon, and Custer Taylor Keyes, of the age of fifty-six years, who has a ranch near Mitchell, Oregon, but is now residing in Portland, Oregon.

Walter Edwin Keyes was married to Ida Laura Hise September 5, 1917, and their children are Robert Edwin Keyes of Durango, Colorado and Barbara Helen Keyes of Salem, Oregon. Robert Edwin Keyes was married to Beth Ann Thomas on the 4th day of March, 1944, at Midland, Texas, where he was stationed as a First Lieutenant in World War II, and they have a daughter one year old named Kathryn Ann Keyes. Barbara Helen Keyes is attending Willamette University in Salem, Oregon.

Henry Dick Keyes was married to Grace Apple, who died in 1914. Their children are William Keyes of Fossil, Oregon, who married Neiva Taylor, and Viola Keyes VanHorn of Heppner, Oregon, who is married to Harry VanHorn, and who have a daughter of the age of ten years named Diana VanHorn. A few years after the death of Grace Apple Keyes, Henry Dick Keyes married Bonnie May Stransky and their three children are Dixie Keyes Williams of Anchorage, Alaska; Peter Keyes who died at the age of seventeen years at Fossil, Oregon, and Judy Keyes who is now seventeen years of age and attending high school at Redmond, Oregon. Dixie Keyes Williams has two children, Peter and Ann, and her husband's name is Robert.

Custer Taylor Keyes was married to Margaret Thompson, December 7, 1913 at Mitchell, Oregon, and their children are Henry Melvin Keyes, thirty years old, and Custer Taylor Keyes, Jr., twenty-six years old, both of whom served with distinction in World War II, and are now residing in Portland, Oregon. Henry Melvin Keyes was married July 19, 1945 to Ruth Gray in South Carolina, and Custer Taylor Keyes, Jr., was married to Lepha Martin at Jerome, Idaho, and has three children, namely, Colleen, Melvin and Jimmie of the ages of four, three and one years respectively.

Notes by J. P.

I got acquainted with Aunt Vi one summer when I was seven and mother and I visited her in Salem. There I played in the house in which I had been born. A service station now stands on the site, just across from the state capital grounds. Young as I was, Aunt Vi impressed me as being capable, self-reliant, cheerful and motherly. I also found that she "had a way with children," as did all my aunts.

Her husband, Uncle Zack, who was from Tennessee, made one of his visits to our farm in November, 1918, and before he left Bob and I were down with the flu. He stayed taking over the chores for me and getting the wood and helping mother with the work. I don't know what we would have done without his help. He would patiently spend hours telling us stories to keep us contented in bed.

Two stories, I never tired of hearing. It seems that a friend of Uncle Zack's saw a wild cat in a tree. He got off his horse and knocked it out of the tree with a rock from the graveled road. Thinking it was dead he tied it across the saddle, stomach down. Down the road he stopped to talk to a neighbor who stepped up close to admire the cat. As he did so, it opened its mouth with a snarl and just missed biting the fellows nose off. At the same time the cat dug its claws into the horse. It was a long time before the man could knock the cat in the head and get his horse to stop running.

Another time he was hunting with a single-shot gun. The dogs were running a cougar and Uncle Zack was hurrying toward the barking. The big cat changed its course, and suddenly burst into view about 200 yards up the clearing in which Uncle Zack was walking. It came on toward him like a streak. Although the cougar was running from the dogs and not for Uncle Zack, at least not intentionally, it was a ticklish spot. He fired and the cougar tumbled end over end. He had hit it in the head.

He was very proud of Aunt Vi. One thing he told about her naturally made an impression on a 12-year old boy. That was the story of how she would never stop to chop a chicken's head off but would shoot it off with her pistol. She would seldom

He was very proud of Aunt Vi. One thing he told about her naturally made an impression on a 12-year old boy. That was the story of how she would never stop to chop a chickens head off but would shoot it off with her pistol. She would seldom



IDA BOOTH BELKNAP

Mrs. Ida Eugenia Belknap, wife of E. H. Belknap of Alpine, passed away Tuesday evening in a Salem hospital where she had been for medical care. She had been ill for some time.

Mrs. Belknap, a descendant of one of Oregon's old families was the daughter of Robert and Mary Booth and was born June 26, 1863, on the family donation land claim in Yamhill County near Grand Ronde. In 1867 she moved with her parents to Wilbur and attended schools there, graduating from the old Wilbur Academy.

Mrs. Belknap taught for over 40 years, was an artist of ability, and an orator, and had conducted many funeral services in the Alpine Community. She was married to E. H. Belknap July 28, 1889, in the old Simpson Chapel at Alpine and had made her home in that community since.

Survivors are her husband, two sons, Harlan Belknap and Gilbert Belknap, and six grandchildren. Another son, Ransom, died in infancy.

The funeral service under the direction of the Hollingsworth funeral home will be held at the Alpine Church at 1:30 Sunday afternoon. Dr. D. H. Leech of the Methodist church at Brownsville, formerly pastor of the First Methodist Church in this city, will officiate. Interment is to be in the family plot in Alpine cemetery.

Mrs. Belknap has been a life long member of the Methodist Church and was a member of the W.C.T.U. to which she gave many years of active service.

Corvallis Daily Gazette
February 25, 1937

IN MEMORY

"My Mother and Mrs. Belknap were friends and I remember the many times our families have been together. I remember her long years of teaching, her love for children and their love for her; the beautiful pictures she painted, and her generosity in giving them to friends, (I have a lovely one she gave me). I remember her active work for the church; the crowds of friends she was always entertaining; the fact that she reared two girls who were not her own; her grief over the death of little Ransom in 1901 at the age of two years; and most of all my own childhood and girlhood affection for her."

Excerpt from letter written by
Madeleine Nichols

IDA BOOTH BELKNAP

Excerpts from the Remarks made at her Funeral
By Rev. D. H. Leech

The richest legacy that ever came to any one is a good philosophy of life. Mrs. Belknap knew how to live.

The greatest loss to the world, and the richest contribution to the perfection of Heaven, is a Christian mother. A mother's death makes us sensible of our nearness to another world and brings us into the first ranks of travelers to eternity.

Mrs. Belknap was a woman of high ideals and unswerving loyalty to her friends and her convictions. She was a domestic woman who believed in the American home, a patriotic woman who believed in the American government, and she was a citizen

always abreast of the times. She always took a keen interest in society and she was a lover of nature and the great out-door stretches of God's beautiful world. Her faith held steadfastly when the nights grew long, and she saw that Light which leads through the valley of death.

Mrs. Belknap was a member of a pioneer family which ranks high in the history of the building of the churches, the schools and all that makes for the comfort and richness of living that prevails in this beautiful Oregon country.

Notes by J. P.

Summers when I was young and we were living in Grants Pass we used to go down to the Hockett farm on the McKenzie near Eugene to camp out. While on these camping trips we used to take a couple of weeks to go up the valley to the Belknap ranch near Monroe. Uncle Bob would send his White Steamer to take us at 20 miles an hour with a long cloud of dust trailing behind. Mother wore a scarf over a picture straw and a linen duster.

At Aunt Ida's we often ate ruffled grouse which Uncle Ed and the boys had shot through the head with their rifles. There we got to shoot at targets for practice, for target shooting was a special sport with Uncle Ed and his boys. At noon and in the evening while waiting for the dinner call, they would put a piece of paper on the trunk of one of the oaks across the dusty lane and standing there in the shade of the oak grove we would fire off hand at the paper.

Part of the farm was tillable valley but on either side steep, wooded hills rose which ran back into the Coast Range. These hills sheltered wolves, coyotes, bob cats, deer, cougar, bear, and other game. In the woodshed was stretched a large cougar skin.

There my brothers and I played in the gardens, fields, orchards and foot hill pastures from dawn to dark in that mild, golden haze that hangs over western Oregon in August.

We readily came to realize that Aunt Ida was a brilliant and talented lady with a big heart and a deep interest in young people. She was a gifted artist, especially in oils which she studied at Northwestern University where Uncle Ed took special training for the ministry. One day at Northwestern her instructor told her a large picture she had worked on for days was worth "about two-fifty." Aunt Ida thinking he meant two and a half dollars was crestfallen. "Two and a half dollars?" she asked meekly.

"No," he said, "Two hundred and fifty dollars."

I doubt if she ever sold any of her many fine paintings but she gave many away. She taught school for years with remarkable success. She was a practical physchologist, skillfully handling all types of youngsters and helping them to become their best. Many times I have heard people comment on her excellence as a teacher and on her understanding and patience. Many a worried and troubled child turned to her for help and guidance. She helped them all, taking some into her home, advising, comforting, inspiring, finding jobs, lending money. She loaned me $30 once to pay my college fees. When I payed it back, Harlan told me his mother had loaned thousands to help young people with their education and had collected only a small part of it.

Notes by B. D.

During the school year of 1916-17, I lived with Aunt Ida at Turner, Oregon where we both taught school -- she in the fourth and fifth grades, I in High School.

Every pupil from primary grade to Senior in H.S. loved her. She took a personal interest in her home life as well as school problems. She was enthusiastic about all the literary and athletic events connected with the school and rarely missed a

[illegible] from primary grade to senior in H.S. [illegible] interest in her home life as well as school problems. She was enthusiastic about [illegible] connected with the school and rarely missed a



I recall the football game with Jefferson High, our keenest rival. Our team practiced long and faithfully and made the trip to Jefferson in a chilling rain which never once subsided during the game. Our boys played well, our enthusiastic rooters gave magnificent support but --------- we were defeated.

The trip home around 7:30 P.M. threatened to be dismal ---- and was ---- until Aunt Ida burst forth with: "Let's have that oyster supper tonight we been planning." That did the trick. The atmosphere changed as if by magic. Arrived in Turner, the store-keepers son loaded willing arms with cans of oysters, someone appeared with two gallons of milk, and soon the kitchen and parlor of our little house were bursting with a happy turbulent throng singing and giving school yells, while Aunt Ida in her big gingham apron presided over the making of gallons of oyster stew in our two freshly scrubbed dishpans. When appetites were appeased she was besieged with requests for pioneer stories -- and again she delivered the goods! By midnight our recent defeat was sufficiently softened so that our guests departed with smiles and happy chatter.

I wonder how many tired school teachers could measure up to this test!

## CORA BOOTH SINGLETON

From Roseburg News Review, March 22, 1929

Mrs. Cora Booth Singleton, wife of T. E. Singleton of Roseburg, and a wellknown woman of this city, passed away Thursday evening, March 21, 1929 at the Eugene Hospital following an extended illness over the past month. Mrs. Singleton was taken to the hospital February 28th and about two weeks ago underwent a major operation, from which she was apparently recovering. Thursday her condition took a change for the worse and relatives were summoned from here to her bedside. Mr. Singleton, her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Booth, and their son, Edwin, went immediately to Eugene.

Mrs. Singleton was a member of a wellknown family of Douglas County, was identified with club work and prominent socially, and her death comes as a great shock to her many friends.

She was born Sept. 9, 1865, the daughter of Rev. Robert Booth and Mary Booth; her birthplace a farm near Willamina in Yamhill County. The daughter of a Methodist minister, Mrs. Singleton early took an interest in religious work and was a lifelong member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church.

Her early education was received in the Garden Valley schools in Douglas County, and she completed her education at Umpqua Academy at Wilbur, where, in addition to other subjects, she studied music. Later she taught school, first at Gird's Creek in Crook County near Prineville, and later at Clover Creek on the North Umpqua, near Roseburg.

At the latter place she met Thos. Edward Singleton, whom she married Oct. 23, 1887 at Roseburg. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Miller at the home of Ed's father. Roseburg was their home for the next few years, followed by residence at Oak Creek and Garden Valley, where they lived on a farm formerly owned by her father. Moving to Hilt, Calif., she was manager of the Hilt Sugar Pine cookhouse for two years. Returning to Oregon the family resided at Wilbur and in 1909 moved to Roseburg where they resided until her death.

Ed and Cora Singleton had two children, Bliss, who makes his home in Drain, and Beryl (Mrs. H. F. Ogden), who lives in Eugene.

During her residence in Roseburg, Mrs. Singleton made a wide circle of friends by her cheerful and lovable personality. She was a Daughter of the Nile for many years and two years ago was President of Badoura Club. She was also a member of the Roseburg chapter of the Eastern Star Lodge, and a past matron of that order.

Her body was brought to Roseburg last night. Her funeral was conducted by Rev. Chas. A. Edwards at the Methodist Church, where she had served so many years, and burial was in the Masonic Cemetery.

Cora Booth Singleton
(from a letter by Bertha Peterson)

Cora Booth was born Sept. 9, 1865 near Willamina in Yamhill County, Oregon. She went to school first in Garden Valley and later to the Umpqua Academy where she was a star student being especially fine in mathematics. She always took the prizes in spelling too. The Academy, the only one in Southern Oregon, drew pupils from all over the state for years. Academic subjects, art, and music were taught. Among the teachers was H. L. Benson, who later became a justice of the state supreme court. _____ Hawley was head. He later became President of Willamette University and a United States Representative. After her graduation Cora taught school in Cook and Douglas counties, Oregon.

Cora was handsome and popular. She liked people and always made many friends. She had a heart that responded to every call for help. She lived a life of goodness and helpfulness.

The day of her funeral a neighbor of hers, Dr. Maude Flyer, said to me, "I never knew a more beautiful character than your sister. She was everybody's friend if he needed help or sympathy. There was none too old or too young; too rich or too poor; too good or too bad. If they needed a friend, she was there to help them."

It is true. She never spared her own strength, no difference how frail she was, if she could help someone who needed help. She was universally beloved by everyone who knew her. "The News Review" of Roseburg said after the funeral,"The Methodist Church could not begin to hold the persons who came to the funeral of this beloved woman."

My children called her "Tor Tor." Ford named her that when she took care of him while I was in the hospital for an operation. I always called her "Cody". Later she cared for John for months when I was in San Francisco with Bob for his operations. She was always helpful to everyone.

She always came and helped us when ever the children were sick, or if I were ill, she would come and take care of the boys. When John was a month old and Victor could not come to get us when it was time to go to Hilt, she came and took us home to Hilt from Salem. She was so helpful, kind and efficient, so much like mother Booth. Father (Grandpa Booth) spoke of what grand nurses she and Ed were. They took care of him when he was very ill. He said they were so gentle and so kind.

She was Worthy Matron of the Roseburg Eastern Star, held most if not all of the offices. She represented the lodge at the state Grand Lodge in Portland and was a member of the Daughters of the Nile. She was a Sunday school teacher for years and one of the finest, sweetest persons anyone could have for a friend. None ever knew her but to love her. I loved her to my limitations.

Notes by J.P.

When I was eight, I spent the summer at Aunt Cora's and Uncle Ed's. She and I soon became great pals. We spent hours talking about everything while she did her house work. She was a beautiful, lovely lady; kind, sympathetic, gracious, and generous. She had a host of friends who were continually dropping in to see her.

house work. She was a beautiful, lovely lady; kind, sympathetic, gracious, and generous. She had a host of friends who were continually dropping in to see her.



Like her sisters she was always helping other people in need. She was helpful, kind and efficient. Even yet I remember her calm, cheerful manner and the good times we had together.

She took me for walks, to circuses, movies, church, band concerts, and prayer meetings. With her it was all fun.

I remember one day years later as I was walking down the main street in Drain, I saw a lovely lady with beautiful face and white hair riding by in a car, her features sharply outlined by the setting sun. I thought, "What a lovely face!", and then, "Why, it's Aunt Cora!"

I'll never forget that scene as long as I live. I hailed them and we had a fine visit, Aunt Cora, Uncle Ed, Bliss and I.

From Roseburg News-Review
October 2, 1947

(Editorial)
By Charles V. Stanton

JAMES HENRY BOOTH

Death has claimed James Henry Booth. His stubborn fight against prolonged illness served to further emphasize the remarkable vitality which characterized his long and active life in Roseburg.

Although his business career brought him great prominence in the state's financial circles, his real interest in banking was not that of profit, but rather as a means of being helpful to his community, and, more especially, the individuals composing the community.

"J. H." liked people. He was never more happy than when surrounded by fellow members of his various clubs, fraternities, farm groups, or others with whom he could associate. He never sought prominence, nor endeavored to exalt himself because of the position he held in community life. But many a farmer or merchant, struggling against financial adversity, can testify to the sympathy and friendly help surpassing a purely financial aspect.

A native of Douglas County, he had a deep and abiding love in the history of the county. He did much to keep alive the stories of pioneer achievement. He took pride in successful struggle against difficulties and handicaps, both as they related to the past and to his own years of action.

His life span linked the pioneer era with the new industrial times which he had visioned and for which he had worked so earnestly.

He gave much of his time to civic enterprise. Not ostentatiously but quietly and often secretly.

He fought against the impersonal austerity so often connected with banking and large financial institutions. He preserved a personal friendliness, a ready smile, a hearty handclasp for those with whom he did business.

His achievements in the field of finance, business, agriculture, and public service could be recited at much length, but over and above all was his compelling desire to be a friend and helper to the people of his community. It was his crowning distinction.

From Roseburg News-Review
October 1, 1947
J. H. Booth, Vice President of
Roseburg Branch, U. S. Nat'l
Bank, Dies After Long Illness

J. Henry Booth, vice president of the United States National Bank of Portland, died at Mercy Hospital early this morning after a long illness. He was 78 years old.

Prominent in civic affairs, he was for many years president of the Douglas National Bank, one of the oldest financial institutions in Southern Oregon, until its merger with the U. S. National in 1943.

He had been ill for several months. In his most recent attack, he was confined to the hospital for the past 11 days.

Mr. Booth was born Aug. 4, 1869 in the parsonage at Wilbur, Oregon, the son of the late Rev. Robert Booth, pioneer Methodist preacher. He was educated at the Umpqua Academy at Wilbur and graduated from Willamette University at Salem in 1889. He was married to Miss Catherine A. Campbell at Grants Pass in 1896.

Mr. Booth was secretary-treasurer of the Sugar Pine Door and Lumber Co. at Grants Pass, 1892-97, and became associated with the Booth-Kelly Lumber Co. at Eugene in 1897. He was president of the Oregon State Fair, 1909-1916; director of the National Trotting Association for 17 years, and of the Oregon State Library.

He became president of the Douglas National Bank in Roseburg in 1909 and served continuously until the bank's merger with the U. S. National of Portland four years ago. He retired last year from active management of the bank, but retained his vice presidency of the Portland institution.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p.m. Friday in the chapel of the Roseburg Funeral Home. The Rev. Walter MacArthur, pastor of the First Methodist Church, of which Mr. Booth was a member, will officiate.

Mr. Booth was also a member of the Roseburg Rotary Club, Roseburg Elks Lodge, and the A. O. U. W.

Surviving relatives include the widow and two sons, Harrie W. Booth and Edwin S. Booth, both of Roseburg; a sister, Mrs. Bertha Peterson, Hubberg, Ore., and four grandchildren, Harriett, Catherine, Bryan, Hollie, and James Henry, all of Roseburg.

Notes by J.P.

Uncle Henry especially delighted ~~me and~~ my brothers and me with his ready wit and humor. We were impressed with his business ability and his trim, well-dressed look. Later we came to admire his very keen, analytical mind and the correct, sound logic of his reasoning. He was a brilliant, well-read and well-informed man, whose interests covered many fields, including finance, banking, business, law, economics, politics, history, especially Oregon history, art, trees, flowers, wild life and all phases of agriculture.

Every summer I visited Oregon, I would go down to Roseburg if possible to see him and Aunt Kate. They always gave me a welcome to warm the heart. Generally I stayed overnight and in the warm summer evening would sit on the porch of their beautiful home, The Gables, and have a long talk about the "state of the Union." These were especially enjoyable and enlightening sessions because of Uncle Henry's long experience in banking, politics, and all phases of business activity in Southern Oregon. He knew personally many of the leading men of the country and these contacts added to his breadth of vision.

Watching him at work in his bank I was impressed with the sincere friendliness and good nature with which he greeted the constant string of visitors who called at his desk. There would come young and old, from all classes in the community, for friendly word or serious advice.

When I was a senior in college, Bob and I were "batching" to save expenses. One day a letter came with a check from Uncle Henry. He said a similar check would be along each month, and so it was, all through the year. When we got through school we paid him back, but we would not have had to. I have heard that he helped many others as quietly and as unobstentatiously.

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BERTHA MAY BOOTH PATTERSON

Bertha May Booth was born in Garden Valley, Douglas County, Oregon, in her brother John's house. Her father lived there for a short time after going to Douglas County but soon went on the Wilbur Circuit as a Circuit Rider of the Methodist Church and the family moved to the parsonage at Wilbur. Wishing to offer his children an opportunity to study at the Umpqua Academy, her father had moved to Douglas County from a farm in Yamhill County near old Fort Yamhill, where her mother, Mary Minor Booth, had successfully held the family together and managed the farm, through all adversities including the constant danger of attack from troublesome Indians and all the other hardships of pioneer life.

Her father had spent his early days in Oregon riding a long circuit for the Methodist Church, but in Bertha's time the pioneer days had passed. There were no more threats of Indian trouble, railroads connected Oregon with the East, and the country was filling up rapidly. Mining had become a major industry in southern Oregon and the present large lumber industry was getting started. The patches of prairie in the Willamette and other valleys had been broken out with plows, and the timbered areas were being cleared to make way for general farming and orcharding where the land was not too steep or rough. Portland was definitely becoming the major city of the region.

Home-grown fruit was common, but her older sister, Sarah, could remember when an apple brought home by father from one of his trips, was husbanded for days, with only a bite now and then to make it last longer.

While Bertha was still too young to remember, her father bought a farm on the North Umpqua and built a home there. He also bought the "Hansel Hill" house, next to the parsonage. There Bertha; her brother, Henry; and sister, Cora, played together and went to school at the Academy. There she began to develop a love of nature that has become one of her outstanding characteristics. At nights she used to slip out to try to catch rabbits playing in the moonlight on the hill across from the house. One day she and Sarah went to pick watercress in a pasture which now lies near the Pacific Highway. Bertha mired down in the swamp in her new, red-top, brass-toed shoes.

Later the family moved to the North Umpqua farm. This place is located on rolling land in a beautiful setting. The old barn still stands, although the house has been built over. From the dining room window one could see the Umpqua. In the back yard were large oak trees and by the house grew the rose bush from cuttings of cuttings brought across the plains by covered wagon, and tended all the way, wrapped in moist cloths. Mother Booth took a cutting from this rose wherever she moved. The original bush was brought to Oregon by either the Wilburs or the Dr. McLaughlins. Mother Booth's garden was always beautiful. She subscribed to Vick's Floral Guide for years and always kept a book on native wild flowers at hand.

Back of the barn a hundred yards or so is an oak where Henry; Cora, nicknamed "Cody"; and Bertha, nicknamed, "Bird", used to swing on a limb and sing,

"Cobler, cobler,
shot at a goose and
killed a gobler!"

One of Bird's favorite passtimes was fishing in a boat with a neighbor, Mr. Lee Love, for trout in the deep holes along the North Umpqua. The "Love place" is still a landmark beside the river. Many a day they took long strings of trout home with them.

Another high light in those days was a periodic trip to Yoncalla to visit her brother, Robert, who was running a store there. They traveled with team and rig, up and down the mountains and through the passes on a dirt and gravel road. Some of the hills were really precipitous and "minding break" was an important part of the trip. The round trip took two days, the family staying over night at brother Bob's. On returning from Yoncalla one afternoon, Bird and Henry saw a man run from the back of a house up into the woods on the hill. This alarmed her because a relative of the family living there was being hunted for murder. Later they learned the hunted man was the one they saw break for the woods as their wagon approached. Bird's nephew, Claude Hockett, used to drive a team and wagon of grain over the steep hill near the Booth place. Bird would always go out to meet him, manage his break for him down the big grade, then step off and walk back home. Both youngsters were not yet in their teens.

His health much improved, Father Booth, left Wilbur for Monroe where he accepted the ministry of the Methodist Church. There Bird, now in her teens, found her self in the center of a happy bunch of youngsters whose social activities centered around the church and the Booth home. There Ida met and was courted by Ed Belknap. An unusually cold season froze the Long Tom solid for weeks. Day and night folks from all around skated on the river and in the evenings the young people formed big parties for skating, cruising up and down stream, and gathering around the bonfires to roast apples and sing.

Much of the pay for preaching came in the form of produce given by the members of the congregation who could pay with goods more easily than with cash. The family grew a large garden and kept chickens and a cow. Mother Booth kept one of father's old hats on a hook by the back door to protect her from the rain as she went about her chores. One day an influential member of the church was a guest at the Booth home for dinner. His hat happened to get hung on the hook meant for the family utility hat. When time came for him to go no one could find it. In the midst of the search, Mother Booth appeared at the back door wearing the guest's hat.

From Monroe, the family moved to Grants Pass where father Booth became pastor of the Newman M.E. Church. There the family made friends many of whom have moved into other parts of Western Oregon and for the most part have been prominent in the development of the state. Here Henry and Bird enjoyed a very active social life centering around the church, particularly the Epworth League. At one time R. A. Booth was president of the League, Bertha M. Booth, First Vice President, Victor A. Peterson, Fourth Vice President, and Harry Dunbar, secretary.

At Grants Pass Bird met Victor Allen Peterson and Henry met Katherine Campbell, the former couple being married at the Newman Church on July 28, 1897. A favorite passtime of these couples and their friends was boating on the Rogue River and serenading with the accompaniment of guitars. A favorite song was, "Meet me by moonlight alone love, there's a tale that to you I must tell. Must be told by the moonlight alone, in the eve, at the foot of the dell." Before her marriage Bird attended Willamette University and Portland Business College. She was also employed as secretary for her brother, Robert. During these days many members of the Booth family lived in the vicinity of Grants Pass. Among them were father and mother Booth, John, Robert, and Henry and their families, Sarah, now Mrs. J. M. Hockett and family. Jennie, now Mrs. Frank Mee, and family, lived at Ashland.

After their marriage Victor and Bird lived in Grants Pass for a few years where their first son, Victor Ford, was born October 1, 1898.

In 1903 a second son, Robert Allen, was born and in 1905 a third son, John Booth. In the meantime the family had moved to Hilt where Frank Lee, Victor Peterson, H. C. Kinney and Warren Lee operated the Hilt Sugar Pine Lumber Co. Later the family moved to Southern California where Victor managed the yard for a lumber company at San Diego. In 1908 the family moved to Los Angeles where Victor died of pneumonia. Bird then returned to Grants Pass with her boys. In 1912 she moved to a farm, "Victor Acres", east of Eugene near her sisters Sarah, and Jennie, and moved to Portland in 1920 where she married Roy A. Peterson in 1924, a cousin of Victor's. In 1924 the family moved to Newberg, where they now live.

Bird, now known to many second, third and fourth generation descendants of father and mother Booth as "Aunt Bird", has always loved friends and people in general. She has always been a gracious host whose genuine interest and sympathy for people have won her a legion of friends up and down the West Coast. One of her first interests is the Church. Another is the Eastern Star. She loves beauty in all forms, her hobbies being music, poetry, literature, flowers, landscaping and interior decorating.

These are not her only interests for she reads constantly in science, economics and politics and maintains a lively interest and definite views regarding current affairs. She has always had a love of animals and plants and country life. Her interests in these subjects are professional, as well as aesthetic. She is a well informed practical farmer by virtue of both reading and experience.

A loving and kind mother, she headed a home that knew no strife or discord. None of her boys can remember a single harsh word ever spoken in the home. On the rustic fire place in the ranch house which she built on the MacKenzie River farm was painted:

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

DESCENDANTS OF ROBERT AND MARY MINOR BOOTH

Compiled by

Barbara Booth Davis and John Booth Peterson

June 1, 1948

I. Mary Lucinda (9-14-1846; 9-14-1916) married October 11, 1866 to Jonathan Toney (9-24-1837; 5-11-1886)

A. Effie Blanche (11-7-1867; 7-24-1917) married February 19, 1893 to G. M. Cornett ( )

1. Mary Luela ( )

2. Lydia Loe ( ) married Harold G. Maison. Residence: 315 Bellview, Salem, Oregon.

a. Mack

b. Molly Jean ( ) married Kelton Lowery.

(1)

(2)

3. Toney Ailene ( ) married F. J. Griffin. Residence: 2901 Lincoln Way, San Francisco, California.

a. Toney

4. Clysta Blanche ( ) married Bepmin Residence: Springfield, Oregon.

a. Dorris

(1) John

(2) George

(3) Mary

(4) Benjamin

B. James Floyd (4-19-1870) married February 10, 1914 to Florence E. Hale (12-27-1891). Residence: 229 Sixth St., Redmond, Oregon.

1. James Franklin (5-24-1917; 2-4-1922)

2. Robert Louie (9-8-1924)

C. Robert Booth (3-28-1872; 6-16-1902) married March 18, 1899 to Malinda Lora (  )

1. Effie Blanche (deceased)

D. William Owen (3-3-1874; 7-6-1893). Drowned in John Day River, twenty miles south of Fossil, Oregon.

E. Mary Minor (6-19-1876) married September 14, 1902 to Matt D. Shields (  ). Residence: Council, Idaho.

F. Louis L. (4-17-1880; 11-18-1921) married September 25, 1904 to Aulee Osborn (  )

1. James Floyd (deceased)

2. William L.

3. Wenzora Booth

4. Zoe Aulee

II. John Owen (1-12-1848; 1-26-1910) married 1871 to Annie E. LaBrie (2-5-1842; 9-10-1925)

A. Nellie Blanche (10-14-1872; 1-20-1905) married 1896 to Elmer Dunbar (  ; 1-  -1948)

1. Ailene Blanche (2-2-1898) married  to Homer Shaver. Residence: 6812 S. E. 20th, Portland, Oregon.

B. Amy Lucinda (5-16-1874) married 7-  -1900 to Charlie Holmes. Residence: 745 14th Ave., San Diego 2, Calif.

1. John Booth Holmes (11-17-1902) married 2-2-1923

a. John Booth Holmes, Jr. (9-10-23) married August 22  to Doris Day.

(1) Sharon Kay

2. Charles Owen (11-18-1904) married February 29, 1936 in San Francisco, Calif. to Jeannie Marjorie Youl (?) Finlayson (10-16-1910 in San Francisco, Calif.)

a. Owena Joan "Wendy" (9-12-1938) San Francisco

b. Maridhu Anne "Dhudie" (9-19-1939) San Francisco

Dec. 3-1948

C. John Minor (9-17-1876) married ~~Spring~~, 1902 to Alice Booth ( ) Residence: 1921 S. E. 42nd, Portland 15, Oregon.

1. Margery

2. Minor (12-16-1904; 1909)

3. Elizabeth (4-3- ) married 2-20- to Graham Hockett (6-14-1901)

a. Claudia Mary

III. William Andrew (9-6-1849; 5-8-1922) married 1877 to Lucy S. Cary (5-1-1851; 2-16-1914) (Spelled Carey in "History of Crook County" published 1915)

A. Lauren (in some reports spelled Luren) A. (11-8-1878; 1-17-1922) married September 7, 1905 to Annibelle Horigan (6-18-1888)

1. Willard Booth (6-21-1911) married Dec. 9, 1935 to Colleen Cathy (6-13-1916) Residence: 1858 S. E. Berchwood Road, Portland, Oregon.

a. Barbara (6-4-1941)

b. Thomas Luren (9-18-1942)

2. Robert W. Booth (9-8-1909) married July 18, 1940 to Betty Stevenson (9-8-1915) Residence: 561 Polk, Eugene, Oregon.

a. Renne Booth (4-22-1945)

B. Iva E. (3-3-1886; 12-16-1917) married Cyrus A. Price (1-28-1884; 6-24-1925)

1. Jean ( ) married to J. W. Fosterling.

a.

b.

IV. George Minor (1-12-1852; 7-13-1905) married at Monmouth, Oregon January 3, 1878 to Clara Ellen Staats (6-21-1854; 11-14-1911)

A. Daisy Viola (12-10-1878, Wilbur Oregon) married May 15, 1907 in Seattle, Washington to William Nelson Thomas. Residence: 854 Laurel, Alameda, California.

1. George Odell (10-21-1909) married Dec. 19, 1929 to Thelma Hansen.

   a. George Odell (7-7-1936) Alameda, California.

   b. William Nelson (12-1-1941) Alameda, California.

B. Augusta Cardelia (Gussie) (2-11-1855, Fossil, Oregon; 12-24-1943, San Francisco, Calif.) married 1908 in Salem, Oregon to Wallace Trill.

   1. Janette (2-2-1912) married to C. Keith Witt.

      a. Harriet ( 1942).

      b. Michael ( 1944).

   2. Jerome Hamilton (12-15-1915)

C. Winnifred Belle (11-26-1880, Waldron, Oregon; 5-12-1902, Moscow, Idaho).

D. George Wilford (3-24-1888, Columbus, Wash., 3-25-1946, Oakland, California) married to Jean Sampson, Nov. 27, 1912. Residence: Box 223, Carmel, California.

   1. Hallie Maurine (11-1-1915 at Spokane, Washington; July, 1946, Fiji, Ils.).

   2. Jean Clara (9-30-1917, Oakland, Calif.) married William Mitchell 9-14-1940, Oakland, California.

      a. William Booth (2-15-1942) Oakland, California.

      b. John Stewart (6-15-1943) San Francisco, Calif.

      c. Hallie Jean (11-30-1946) San Francisco, Calif.

   3. George Wilford, Jr. (5-24-1919) Alameda, Calif.

E. Warren Rosser (9-12-1893) Spokane, Washington. Married in Portland, Oregon, September 28, 1918 to Carolyn Dick (7-18-1898).

   1. Warren R., Jr. (6-1-1921) married Oct. 13, 1946 to Marjorie Fetters (April, 1922).

   2. Carol Mary (4-12-1927).

V. Sarah Foster (3-17-1854; 1-22-1937) married August 1875 to Jessie Mills Hockett (5-25-1846).

A. Claude Gatch Hockett (7-24-1876) married August 5, 1900 at San Rafael, Calif. to Helen (Nell) Mackie (8-27-1882 in Southhampton, England). Residence: Grants Pass, Oregon, 1925 Tokay Hts.

1. Graham (6-14-1901) married Feb. 20 to Elizabeth Booth.

a. Claudia Mary (6-26-1946)
Residence: 1921 S. E. 42nd, Portland, 15, Oregon.

B. Clyde Toney Hockett (2-26- ; ) married to (1) Grace Sutter (2) Louie Wade (8-3-

1. Dr. Asahel Hockett (8-11-1906) married to Lelah Evans (5-4- ) Wilmington

a. Sally Grace (1934)

2. Wayfe (3-22-1909) married to Dr. Roger DeBusk. Residence: 141 Hawthorne Ave., Glencoe, Illinois.

a. Susan Elizabeth (6-14-1936)

b. Paul (2-21-1939)

c. Sarah Jane (5-23-1945)

C. Guy Booth Hockett (9-15- ) married January 12, 1913 at Nanaimo, B. C. to Florence Clark (12-2-1890; 12-19-1929).

1. Aurel K. (9-14-1914) married June, 1943 at Washington, D. C. to Ernest K. Eikins.

2. Guy, Jr. (6- -1916; 8- -1916)

3. Lynette Beth (3-27-1918)

4. Gail Booth Hockett (5-25-1920)

5. Jesse (7-11-1923; 11-30-1929).

Married June 14, 1931 to Rosalie E. Sielaff (born 12-16-1903 in Hardin County, Iowa)

1. Clyde Lunn (3-27-1933)

D. Bertha Merle (5-11- ) married Dec. 25, to William A. Davenport (4-28 ; 10-23-1947). Residence: Box 213, Newberg, Oregon.

E. Jessie Wayfe (6-22-1885) married Nov. 3, 1914 to Jay Bowerman. Residence: Enterprise, Oregon.

1. Phyllis Jane (5-29-1916) married Sept. 6, 1939 to William O. Hall (5-21- ). Residence: 3223 Guston Road, Alexandira, Virginia - Parkfairfax.

a. Sarah Booth (5-2-1942)

b. William Jay (8-4-1944)

2. Sally Booth (3-23-1923) married July 1944 to Richard E. Rathbun (7-23-1924). Residence: Enterprise, Oregon.

F. Bess Claire Skog (4-4-1889). Residence: 1802 S. W. 10th, Portland, Oregon.

G. Harold Keyes (10-6- ) married to Ada Harbit. Residence: 439 North Jackson, Roseburg, Oregon.

1. Stanley (8-26- ) married to Nelda.

a. Naomi

b.

2. Randall ( ) married

VI. Jane Armstrong (3-25-1856, near Willamina, Ore.; 2-12-1921) married (1) Sept. 24, 1876 to Jason Lee Cary (1-25-1848; May, 1899); (2) in 1901 to Frank Mee in Grants Pass, Oregon.

Children by J. I. Cary:

A. Hazel Cary (7-29-1883) married April 14, 1910 in Ashland, Oregon to Walter Walrad. Residence: Box 573, Newport, Oregon.

1. Carmen (4-17-1911) married Sept. 20, 1932 to Lee O. Hunt. Residence: Julian, California.

a. Linda Lee (11-22-1938) born at Santa Ana, Calif.

b. Gwendolyn (7-28-194 ) born at Santa Ana, Calif.

2. Ruth (3-27-1917)

B. Carl Verne Cary (4-27-1891) married Maynie. Residence: Ashland, Oregon.

C. Mary Viola (1895; deceased in infancy at age of six months).

VII. Robert Ashbury (5-15-1858; 4-28-1944) married May 15, 1881 to Clintona Ann LaRaut (2-12-1859; 6-11-1933)

A. Echo Vivian (4-30-1882; 8-15-1886)

B. Robert Roy (5-3-1885) married May 15, 1916 to Edna May Hoflein (12-5-1886; 3-8-1943)

1. Robert Roy, Jr. (5-5-1916) married 1946 to Maria Ruymer in Nieukirchen, Belgium. Residence: Yoncalla, Oregon.

2. Frederick H. (2-9-1918) married Oct. 30, 1938 to Shirley Currin (12-4-1918). Residence: Yoncalla, Oregon.

a. James Booth (6-12-1942)

b. Frederick Booth (6-15-1943)

3. Celesta Ann (1-29-1922) married Jan. 29, 1945 to Kenneth F. Perin (3-29-1919). Residence: Philomath, Oregon.

a. John Roy Perin

b. Howard (3-19-48, Corvallis, Oregon.)

c.

C. Floyd Wilson Booth (6-6-1887; 12-25-1921) married Sept. 1, 1910 to Edith Prescott (11-8-1882)

1. Robert Prescott Booth (8-2-11) married 6-12-1933 to Ann Bramkamp (11-29-1913). Residence: 1066 E. 22nd, Eugene, Oregon.

a. Richard Allen (3-6-1937)

b. Robert Bramkamp (6-10-1940)

2. William Prescott Booth (3-17-1913; 9-15-1930)

3. Mary Elizabeth Booth (10-23-1919) married March 6, 1943 to George Isaak. Residence: 1090 Keeler, Berkeley, California.

a. Natalie (11-24-1943)

D. Barbara Wenzora (6-4-1891) married 6-6-1926 to Frederick Kerr Davis (2-6-1889). Residence: 1193 Pearl, Eugene, Oregon.

1. Navarre Booth Davis (7-5-1932)

VIII. Amanda Viola (2-26-1861; 8-6-1916) married Feb. 16, 1880 to Zackery Taylor Keyes (1847; 7-25-1932).

A. Walter Edwin ( 1882) married Sept. 5, 1917 to Ida Laura Hise.

1. Robert Edwin Keyes ( ) married March 4, 1944 at Midland, Texas to Beth Ann Thomas. Residence: Durango, Colorado.

a. Kathryn Ann (1945).

2. Barabra Helen Keyes

B. Henry Dick Keyes ( 1886) married (1) Grace Apple who died in 1914; (2) Bonnie May Stransky

Children by Grace Apple

1. William Keyes ( ) married Nieva Taylor, address: Fossil, Oregon.

2. Viola Keyes ( ) married Harry Van Horn

a. Diane Van Horn (1936)

Children by Bonnie May Stransky

3. Dixie Keyes ( ) married Robert Williams, address: Anchorage, Alaksa.

a. Peter

b. Ann

4. Peter Keyes (deceased at 17 years of age)

5. Judy Keyes ( 1929)

C. Custer Taylor Keyes ( 1890) married Dec. 7, 1913 at Mitchell, Oregon to Margaret Thompson.

1. Henry Melvin ( 1916) married July 19, 1945 to Ruth Gray in South Carolina.

2. Custer Taylor, Jr., ( 1920) married Lepha Martin at Jerome, Idaho.

Martin at Jerome, Idaho.



a. Colleen (1942)

b. Melvin (1943)

c. Jimmy (1945)

IX. Ida Eugenia (6-16-1863; 2-21-1937) married July 28, 1889 to Edward Belknap (9-8-1860)

A. Harlan Clinton (2-15-1891; 10-16-1941) married Oct. 6, 1912 to Ada Byers (7-11-1886)

1. Dorotha Pauline (3-6-1915) married June 14, 1938 to Omer Adkinson.

2. Robert Belknap (7-14-1917) married Aug. 2, 1940 to Beryl Sheets.

a. Michael Robert (9-20-1943)

b. Nancy Ann (11-29-1944)

3. Mary Eugenia (7-6-1922) married Nov. 6, 1943 to Miller Donald Stults.

a. Janice Dawn (9-22-1944)

4. Edward Belknap (4-26-1924) married Dec. 23, 1946 to Betty Lee Stuart.

B. Gilbert Minor (12-28-1892) married Sept. 2, 1914 to Viola Finley (1-29-1896).

1. Janet Virginia (7-29-1915) married April, 1934 to Elmo D. Brown.

a. Lynn Minor (1-18-1935)

b. Ardis Bell (7-1-1937)

2. Genevieve Ida (2-23-1922) married June, 1943 to William H. Knight.

C. Ransom Alfred (June 1898; 10-29-1900).

X. Cora Bell (9-9-1865; 3-21-1929) married Oct. 23, 1887 to Edward Singleton (4-30-1864 on Oak Creek east of Roseburg; Aug. 1931).

A. Beryl B. (3-13-1889) married to Herbert Ogden. Residence: 1263 Oak, Eugene, Oregon.

B. John Bliss (12-21-1890).
Residence: Drain, Oregon

XI. James Henry (8-4-1869; 10-1-1947) married March 27, _____ to Catherine Campbell (8-13- ).

A. Harrie Booth (11-10-1896) married Oct. 28, 1925 to Lois Mariam Geddes (7-10-1901). Residence: Roseburg, Oregon.

1. Harriet Catherine (7-25-1931)

2. Brian Geddes (5-30-1936)

B. Edwin (1-17-1902) married June 17, 1931 to Margaret Hewitt (12-3-1901).

1. Molly Margaret (6-12-1934)

2. James Henry (4-1-1936)

XII. Bertha May (10-24- ) married July 28, 1897 to Victor A. Peterson (1-17-1872; 8-28-1908). Residence: 601 Sheridan Street, Newberg, Oregon.

A. Ford Peterson (10-1-1898) married Ruth Beck (3-19-1902). Residence: Portland, Oregon.

1. Marian (April , 1924) married Ralph Snyder.

2. Wesley (May 27, 1922) married Francis Fink ( )

a. Warren (July 16, 1946)

3. Virginia Lee (June 6, 1928)

B. Robert Allen Peterson (11-8-1903) married in Des Moines, Iowa Sept. 22, 1938 to Linda Wallersteadt (5-28- ). Residence: 4491 N. Morris Blvd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

C. John Booth Peterson (7-18-1905) married in Ames, Iowa June 7, 1930 to Elizabeth L. Fogel (4-3-1908, Fogel, Okla.). Residence: West Lafayette, Indiana.

1. John Robert (5-27-1933) Ames, Iowa.

2. Mary Jean Bertha (8-18-1936) Ames, Iowa.

Married Roy A. Peterson (July 22, 1879, Clyde, Cloud County, Kansas) in Portland, Oregon in 1924.



Given by
Mrs. Frederick K. Davis
Emma Gregory